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No. 10

THE POEMS
of
JOHN PHILIPS

Edited by
M. G. LLOYD THOMAS

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The Percy Reprints, No. X

THE POEMS OF JOHN PHILIPS

The Percy Reprints

General Editor :
H. F. B. Brett-Smith, M.A.

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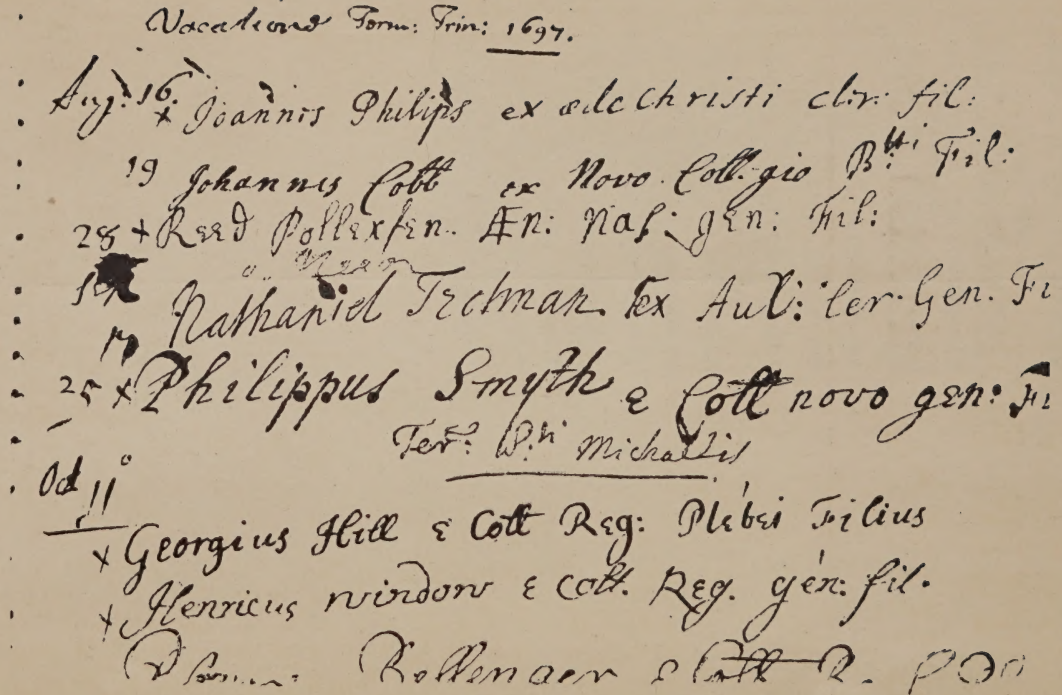

Vacationes Term: Trin: 1697.

Aug: 16 + Joannis Philips ex aede Christi clr: fil:

19 Johannes Cobb ex Novo Collegio Bti Fil:

28 + Rad Pollexfen Ar: Nat: gen: fil:

Sept Nathaniel Techman ex Aul: Ler: Gen. Fi

25 + Philippus Smyth e Coll novo gen: Fi

Fer: Wti Michaelis

Oct 11°

+ Georgius Hill e Coll Reg: Plebei Filius

+ Henricus Window e Coll. Reg. gen: fil.

Rollenson e Coll. R. pOr

PHILIPS'S SIGNATURE IN THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK.

THE POEMS OF JOHN PHILIPS

Edited by
M. G. LLOYD THOMAS

Oxford
BASIL BLACKWELL
1927

PR3619
.P3
1927
Munn

Made and Printed in Great Britain
by Hazell, Watson & Viney Ld.
London and
Aylesbury

PREFATORY NOTE

I HAVE been generously helped in the preparation of this edition of Philips's poems. Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith has not only allowed me to make the fullest use of his collection of Philips, which is in some respects unique; his continual advice and assistance have far exceeded the broadest interpretation of his offices as general editor of the series in which it appears. Mr. R. W. Chapman and Mr. D. Nichol Smith have been good enough to make several suggestions and to lend me editions which are difficult of access. Dr. Harko G. de Maar, whose chapter on Philips in *A History of Modern English Romanticism* appeared as this book was going through the press, welcomed my inquiries and added to this kindness by lending to a stranger his copy of the rare 1714 *Works* and by permitting the reproduction of the title-page of the *Ode to Henry St. John*. Mr. Strickland Gibson, of the Bodleian Library, has on several occasions helped me most readily, and at the sacrifice of considerable time, in the compiling of the Bibliography. Other acknowledgments are made in the notes. For all this assistance I should like here to express my gratitude. I am alone responsible for any errors which remain.

Anyone who may be interested in the references to persons and places in *Cyder* or in estimating the extent of Philips's literary reminiscences is referred to Charles Dunster's edition of the poem, published in 1791, "with notes provincial, historical, and classical." There has seemed no point in reprinting this commentary; my notes on *Cyder* are deliberately brief, and I have aimed rather

at annotating, though in much less detail, the other poems. Neither these nor the verdicts upon and allusions to Philips in the Introduction claim to be exhaustive. They will probably be thought already too numerous.

The reproductions of title-pages throughout are in type facsimile, with the exception of that to the *Ode to Henry St. John* which is from line-block. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the page of the Oxford University subscription book in which Philips's signature appears.

Dates, unless otherwise specified, are given in the Old Style.

References to manuscripts are to Bodleian MSS., except where the contrary is stated.

M. G. Ll. T.

CHELTENHAM,
July, 1927.

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INTRODUCTION

JAMES THOMSON, in writing *The Seasons*, was not the first poet to found his technique upon that of Milton. *The Splendid Shilling* was published, a quarter of a century before *Winter*, in 1701.[1] Parody, with Philips, was a form of discipleship, and *Bleinheim* and, for the most part, *Cyder* were seriously intended. *Cyder*, as the title suggests, has not the intrinsic value of *The Seasons*, and takes precedence of it only historically: Philips's work is imitative and not original in character, and it may be partly because of the fantastic tributes paid to it when it appeared that such importance as it has is largely forgotten. Yet Philips shared the tastes, if not the genius, of Thomson; his feeling for landscape is unmistakably sincere; and *Cyder* is to be recognised also as the earliest of those didactic poems in blank verse which were to become common in the eighteenth century.

A Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips, by his friend

[1] The Earl of Roscommon, in the second edition (1685) of his *Essay on Translated Verse*, added, "an essay on blank verse, out of Paradise Lost, B. vi." These twenty-eight lines appeared amongst the couplets, and are a kind of paraphrase. Concerning the popularity of Milton, John Dennis went so far as to say that "Milton's *Paradise Lost* had been printed forty years before it was known to the greater part of *England*, that there barely was such a Book" (*Original Letters*, 1721, p. 174; *v.* also p. 33). But the sales seem to belie the remark.

Edmund Smith, was announced in May 1710,[1] and was followed in July by Leonard Welsted's *Poem to the Memory of the Incomparable Mr. Philips*.[2] Smith was writing a "Prefatory Discourse" to his poem, but he himself died before he finished it.[3] He intended to give "a Character of the Person and his Writings, without medling with the Transactions of his Life, which was altogether private."[4] The first biography of Philips was that by George Sewell, published by Curll in 1712.[5] This brief and conventional *Life* was almost invariably prefixed to subsequent editions of the poems. Notices appeared in Jacob's and in Cibber's

[1] *The Post Boy*, May 20–3, 1710: "The following BOOKS are this day publish'd, A Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips Author of the Splendid Shilling, Blenheim, and Cyder; by Mr. Edm. Smith, Author of Phædra and Hippolitus, Pr. 6d. . . . Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet." Hearne alluded to the poem as "just printed" on 28 February, 1709/10. (*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, 1857, I, p. 185.)

[2] *The Supplement*, 10–12 July, 1710: "This day is publish'd, A Poem to the Memory of the incomparable Mr. *Phillips*; humbly inscrib'd to the Right Hon. *Henry St. John*, Esq.; . . . Printed for *D. Browne* without *Temple-Bar*; and sold by *A. Baldwin* at the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-lane*. . . ."

[3] ". . . . Mr. Smith intended to have written M^r^ Philip's Life but was prevented by Death I saw the first proof Sheet of it w^th^ several other curious Papers . . ." Thomas Rawlins to George Ballard, 26 June, 1735 (MS. Ballard 41, f. 102, in the Bodleian). The Bodleian Library has two MS. copies of this fragment—MS. Rawlinson D. 35 and MS. Rawlinson Poet. 113. Johnson used the last.

[4] MS. Rawlinson Poet. 113, f. 33.

[5] *The Evening Post*, 30 December–1 January, 1712/13: "This Day is publish'd, [*] The Life and Character of Mr. *John Philips*; Author of the Splendid Shilling, Bleinheim, Cyder, &c. late of Christ-Church, Oxon. To which is prefix'd, His Ode to the E. of Bolingbroke; and an exact Draught of the Monument erected to his Memory in Westminster-Abbey by Simon Lord Harcourt, pr. 1s. Printed for E. Curll at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. . . ."

Lives,[1] but they gave no new facts. The *Biographia Britannica* of 1760 contained an account of Philips.[2] This, and Sewell's *Life*, were used by Johnson in his *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets*, and it was here, in 1779, that Edmund Smith's fragment was first published. The late Mr. G. A. Aitken's article in *The Dictionary of National Biography* has supplemented this earlier information.

The Philipses were a Herefordshire family. The poet's great-grandfather, also John, seems to have been a clothier of Ledbury[3]; his grandfather, Stephen, was Vicar of Lugwardine[4] and a Canon and Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral. His father became Archdeacon of Salop and a portionist of Bampton in 1669,[5] upon the death of Thomas Cooke, whose daughter and heiress, Mary, he had married two years previously.[6] Anthony à Wood lodged a night at Bampton Vicarage during Cooke's lifetime,[7] but he was

[1] *An Historical Account of the Lives and Writings of Our most Considerable English Poets . . .* 1720, pp. 134–9; *The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland . . . By Mr. Cibber, and other Hands*, 1753, III, pp. 143–150 (for further information concerning Cibber's *Lives v.* Raleigh's *Six Essays on Johnson*, 1910, pp. 120–5 *n.*).

[2] Signed "P," that is, the Rev. Philip Nicholls.

[3] *Collections towards the History and Antiquities of the County of Hereford*, 1804, II, p. 246; MS. genealogy at Belmont Abbey, Hereford.

[4] The entry of his father's baptism appears in Lugwardine Parish Register under the year 1638: "Stephen y^e^ sonne of Stephan Phillips Vicar of this Church & Elizab[eth] his wife was baptiz'd Sept. 30."

[5] *Fasti Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss, p. 362; *History and Antiquities of Hereford*, 1717, p. 254; *Alumni Oxonienses*, Early Series, III, p. 1159. Stephen Philips became a Canon Residentiary and a Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral in 1670.

[6] Marriages, 1667: "Sept. 18 Steph. Philips & Mary Cooke": Bampton Parish Registers.

[7] In 1664. *Lives of . . . John Leland, Thomas Hearne, and Anthony à Wood*, 1772, II, p. 192.

more deeply interested in the castle ruins than in his host and hostess, of whom he says nothing.

It was at Bampton that John, the sixth of the seven sons [1] of Stephen and Mary Philips, was born on 30 December, 1676, and he and his six brothers—Thomas, Stephen, Vincent, Robert, Francis, and Joseph—were baptized there—"John Phillips filius Stephen," on 7 January, 1676/7. His father died in 1684, at the age of forty-six. Had he seen another six years he would almost certainly have lost his living through refusing to take the oath of allegiance to William III. His sons, Stephen, Robert, and Francis, were all three Nonjurors; two of them were imprisoned at Hereford in 1715 [2]; and John's political and ecclesiastical sympathies are made sufficiently clear in his work. Mary Philips survived her husband for thirty years, during which time she seems to have lived at Hereford, and if the tablet to her memory in the Cathedral cloisters is to be believed, her children owed their talents to her no less than to their father.

The poet himself became a scholar of Winchester in 1691.[3] The author of the article upon Philips in the *Biographia Britannica* writes, upon William Oldisworth's authority, that he seldom joined in play with the boys, but "generally retired then to his chamber, where he procured a person to attend him, and comb his hair, of which he had a very handsome flow. In this very singular recreation he felt

[1] "Maria vidua ejus mæstissima . . . Marito optimo, H: M: P. Quæ ex concordi cum Illo Conjugio Septem Filios enixa est": Memorial Tablet to Stephen Philips in Bampton Church. The baptismal entries in the Parish Registers make it clear that John was the sixth son.

[2] MS. Hearne 57, p. 45; 58, pp. 43, 4; 102, p. 135. Some letters of Stephen Philips show him to have been very scrupulous in the matter of his preferment (MS. Tanner 290, ff. 134, 5, 6).

[3] There he left a record in the legend "John Philips 1696," which was carved on a wall which has now been demolished or reconstructed.

an exquisite delight: I have been informed (by one who was at school with him) that he would sit almost absolutely without motion for several hours together, enjoying the pleasure it gave him with the highest degree of sensibility. It was in these intervals chiefly that he read Milton; however, this was not before he was well acquainted with both Virgil and Homer, and the frequent imitations he found of these authors in Paradise Lost, falling in exactly with his own turn, hence he conceived an ardent passion for the English poet, and some small pieces which he composed at this time, showed that he had imbibed a good share of Milton's style and manner before he left Winchester." [1] These "small pieces" seem to have disappeared. From Winchester, he proceeded to Christ Church and matriculated on 16 August, 1697.[2] His intention was to study medicine, but his health did not allow of it. His scientific interests are, however, marked in his work, and preponderate in *Cyder* not wholly to the advantage of the verse.

At Oxford he found two of his brothers in residence—Vincent at Alban Hall, and Robert at Merton.[3] William Brome, a native of Herefordshire, who was a contemporary

[1] *Biographia Britannica*, V, 1760, p. 3353.

[2] Foster, in the *Alumni*, quite correctly records the entry in the Matriculation Register as stating Philips's age to be fifteen. Either Philips had some motive in concealing his age which, of course, exceeded the average at that time, or the clerk made an error. (The *Biographia Britannica* gives 1694, when he would be eighteen, as the date of his coming to Oxford.) But the Winchester entry, under the heading "1691, Nomina Scolarium a tempore Electionis 1691 ad Electionem sequentem," runs: [First name] "Johannes Phillips de Bampton Comit. Oxon. ii annorum ad ffestum Sti Michaelis 1690. Admissus Sept. 25. 1691," and a marginal note reads "recessit sponte 1697." The fact that Philips was in residence in 1697 is further confirmed by the entry, preserved at Christ Church, of five shillings received from "John Phylipps" as cautions money in the quarter ending 26 January, 1697/8.

[3] *Alumni Oxon.*, Early Series, III, p. 1159. The father took the degrees of M.A. and D.D.

at Christ Church, married Philips's cousin Anne.[1] Brome was intended to take orders, but as he was a rigid Non-juror, he afterwards lived in retirement at Ewithington. References to Philips are frequent in his correspondence, which is preserved in the Bodleian, and in one of his letters to Dr. Rawlinson he encloses with a hasty commentary some verses which Edmund Smith had written in Latin doggerel to celebrate a meeting of the brothers: "Jack had visited his brother Vincent at Alban Hall and drank the cellar dry. . . . Robin Philips then at Merton, whence drink was sent for, brought in Simersons Plate."[2]

Philips's family had long been connected with Brasenose: his father and his paternal grandfather and his brother Stephen had been members of the college; his maternal grandfather had been a Fellow. The Principal, Dr. Meare, "being a Herefordshire man, took occasion from thence frequently to invite his countryman, a young student universally beloved and admired, to his lodge, where our author had the ill luck to see and conceive a secret passion for the daughter, who had long practised all the airs which the sense of her high station in that university, and her uncommon personal accomplishments, could inspire, and did not fail to treat him with her usual disdain."[3] "What is here related of our author's passion for Mrs. Meers," says the writer in the *Biographia Britannica*, "was well known in the university then, and some time after, when I was there." The university is generally cognisant of such matters and probably exaggerated the importance of the episode in Philips's life. He complains, it is true, in the *Ode to Henry St. John*, as he contrasts his own misery with his patron's happiness, that not even

[1] Daughter of John Philips, of the World's End, Toddington.

[2] MS. Rawlinson Letters, 31, f. 19. *Vide* Appendix IV.

[3] *Biog. Brit.*, V, p. 3359. Dr. Meare was Vice-Chancellor of the University when Philips came up in 1697.

sack and tobacco could bring him sleep, but it is only in these not very serious verses that any direct reference to Mary Meare is to be found in Philips's work.

In 1704 Urry, the editor of Chaucer, wrote to Bodley's Librarian explaining that "Mr. John Philips of Ch: Ch: is above seven years standing, and would be glad (if you can give him Leave) to spend some hours in the publique Library," and praying him to "informe Mr. Philips how he may obtain leave to studdy in the Bodley."[1] For a student at this inglorious period in university history "some houres" must have been a generous allowance. But Christ Church, as late as 1732 at all events, was an honourable exception to the rule of altering the hour of college chapels "that people might lye in bed the longer." Under Dean Aldrich it had at least comparatively a reputation for scholarship. Hearne wrote of Aldrich when he died in 1710: "Consider him either as a Christian, a Scholar, or a Gentleman, he was one of the most eminent Men in England. He constantly receiv'd the Sacrament every Sunday, rose to five a Clock Prayers in the Morning, Summer and Winter, visited the Chambers of young Gentlemen, on purpose to see that they imployed their time in usefull and commendable Studies. He was a severe student himself, yet always free, open, and facetious. . . . He was humble and modest even to a fault. He had so piercing an Understanding, that he could tell at first Sight the Temper and Disposition of any Person, whether he was good natur'd, ingenious, and addicted to a virtuous and innocent Course of life. . . ."[2] Whether Philips appreciated these matutinal visits or not we cannot determine.[3] The undergraduates would occasionally take their revenge in a mild fashion, as when "a young student of the college, once finding some difficulty to bring his chum into the belief"

[1] MS. Hearne's Diaries 45, pp. i, ii.

[2] MS. Hearne's Diaries 27, pp. 147, 8, 9.

[3] For Philips's tribute to Oxford and to Aldrich in *Cyder* see p. 62.

that Dr. Aldrich smoked incessantly, "laid him a wager, that the Dean was smoaking at that instant, viz. about ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, he hies to the Deanery, where, being admitted to the Dean in his study, he presently relates the occasion of his visit. To which, *You see*, replies the Dean in perfect good humour, *you have lost your wager, for I'm not smoaking but filling my pipe.*"[1]

It was at Christ Church that Philips became a close friend of Edmund Smith, familiarly known as "Captain Rag" and "the handsome sloven." It seems doubtful whether these nicknames arose from the raggedness of his dress or of his gown. William Oldisworth, a contemporary at the University, writes of him: "His Wit was prompt and flowing, yet solid and piercing; his Taste delicate, his Head clear, and his way of expressing his just Thoughts, perspicuous and engaging: To say nothing of his Person, which yet was so well *turn'd*, that no Neglect of himself in his Dress, or outward Ornament could render it disagreeable; insomuch that some of the *Fair* Sex, who observ'd and esteem'd him, at once commended and reprov'd him by the Name of the *handsome* Sloven."[2] "Captain *Rag*," says Johnson, "was a name he got at Oxford by his negligence of dress."[3] He was contradicted by a writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine*,[4] whose case Thomas Newcomb had stated years before in his *Bibliotheca*, which may well close the argument, as it reconciles the two theories. Philips has been depicted in Elysium; this description of Smith follows:

> No longer now the modish gown
> In ropy shreds hangs quivering down,

---

[1] *Biog. Brit.*, V, p. 3355 *n.*

[2] W. Oldisworth: "A Character of Mr. Smith," prefixed to the *Works of Mr. Edmund Smith*, 1714, sign. A4.

[3] *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets*, 1779, iv, Smith, p. 44.

[4] *Vide* Vol. L, p. 280.

Tuck'd close but gently, round the side :
Some dismal breach beneath to hide ;
Or else protecting from the air
Some parts, as nature form'd them, bare.[1]

Smith was no favourite with Aldrich. Although he had taken his M.A. before Philips matriculated, and was then a Student of Christ Church, he did not care to assume a proper dignity of manner. " Perhaps there was no person in any Society so irregular & unconformable to Rules as he was : he scarce ever came to Prayers ; & such behaviour could never recommend him to an intimacy with his Governour : but to my knowlege," writes William Brome, " 'twas quite contrary for the Dean had an aversion to him, which was improved by Stratford, who possessed the Deans ear & hated Rag, & Rag despised him. And what sort of respect these 3 had for each other you may collect from the following instance. M^r^ Stratfords Mother was a Lady of free conversation, & was often visited by M^r^ Jefferies afterwards L^d^ Chanc. the Dean and others ; and there might be no harm in their conversation ; however publickly in the Hall at Ch. Ch. Rag told Stratford his Father begot his Bulk, Jefferies his Impudence, and the Dean his memory." [2] As early as 1694 he had been con-

[1] Nichols, *Select Collection of Poems*, III, 1780, pp. 57, 8. The poem was announced in *The Post Boy* for 8–10 January, 1711/2.

[2] This incident, Brome explains to Rawlinson (MS. Rawlinson J 4° 5, f. 88), " happen'd long before the publication of 3^d^ vol."—i.e. of Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, in 1704. Stratford, then a Chaplain to the House of Commons, was made a Canon of Christ Church in 1705 (*v.* Thomas Hearne : *Remarks and Collections*, ed. C. E. Doble, 1885, I, p. 5). Rawlinson tells the story quoted above àpropos of the supposed corruption, by Smith and others, of the text of Clarendon's *History*. Duckett's allegation of Smith's confession has been entirely disproved ; *v.* also J. Burton : *The Genuineness of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion . . . Vindicated*, 1744, p. 40. Burton, in his defence of Smith, echoes *Cyder*, II, ll. 361, 2 : " he cou'd not well act in secret, or live unknown, or play the part of an Hypocrite ; he seldom

vened before the Dean and Chapter after "having been degraded for his scandalous and profligate misbehaviour, And both before & since his degradation been frequently admonish'd in private, And punish'd by all the common Methods of the College." Under the date of 24 April, 1700, there is this entry: "At a Chapter met this day. M^r^ Smith & M^r^ Behen (two Student Masters of this house) were convened & convicted of riotous misbehaviour in the house of M^r^ Cole an Apothecary in Oxon whereupon the Dean & Chapter declared the places of the two said Masters to be voyd, but referred it to the Dean when & upon w^t^ occasion that sentence should be put in execution." On the 20 December, 1705, "the s^d^ Mr. Smith" had not "amended his behaviour nor conformed to the discipline of this House," and his place was declared "absolutely void."[1] Later accounts[2] state that after Foulkes, his junior, was appointed censor Smith took offence and lampooned Aldrich, and even so was tolerated two years longer before this sentence was put into execution. Brome hints at some such situation: "Rag could never have any Office in the College: & there were some who valued his Parts, & thought the Dean treated him in too severe a manner, that adventured to speak to the Dean on his behalf, but He could not hear them with any manner of patience: and if ever the Dean did speak to the Captain 'twas only to chide him, and everybody of Ch. Ch. knows this to be true."[3] Brome alludes, doubtless, to those

dissembled his own vices; and even intemperance must have often made him sincere." The uncomplimentary nature of this evidence makes it the more convincing.

[1] MS. Tanner 314, f. 205, in the Bodleian (quoted in part by Johnson).

[2] E.g. those of J. Burton in his *Genuineness* and of Johnson. Of the lampoon on Aldrich Johnson wrote: "I once heard a single line too gross to be repeated." *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets*, 1779, IV, Smith, p. 42.

[3] MS. Rawlinson J 4° 5, f. 88.

frequent admonishments which took place in private. In spite of the understandable attitude of the authorities Smith seems to have enjoyed a reputation for learning. William Oldisworth, writing obviously " while his admiration was yet fresh, and his kindness warm," says of " Rag " that he had " a long and perfect Intimacy with all the *Greek* and *Latin* Classicks, with whom he had carefully compared all that was worth perusing in the *French*, *Spanish* and *Italian* . . . "[1] Many of his Latin compositions were apparently handed round the university in manuscript; three such copies of his speech in honour of Sir Thomas Bodley still exist.[2] When he had exhausted the patience of Christ Church, he went to London,[3] where in 1707, his *Phædra and Hippolitus* was produced. He outlived Philips by less than two years. After writing his *Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips* in 1709 he planned another play. " In the hope of providing Smith with quiet leisure for the completion of a drama on Lady Jane Grey, Duckett invited him to spend the summer of 1710 at Hartham. What happened is told in ' The Lives of the Poets.' ' Here he found,' says Johnson, ' such opportunities for indulgence as did not much forward his studies, and particularly some strong ale, too delicious to be resisted ' ; and he died after six weeks of Duckett's hospitality."[4] His memory lasted long ; more than forty years after his death Joseph Warton was complaining in *The Adventurer* that " these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them ; contract immoderate debts, because

[1] *Works*, 1714, sign. A5^{v}.

[2] MS. Top. Oxon. C 106, MS. Lat. misc. E 19, MS. Rawl. D. 1370; it was delivered in 1701 and is the earliest of these speeches to be preserved.

[3] Here, too, there were stories of the singularity of his dress; *v.* Johnson's *Works*, ed. Hawkins, 1787, II, 471 *n.*

[4] *The Letters of Thomas Burnett to George Duckett, 1712–1722*, ed. D. Nichol Smith, for the Roxburghe Club, 1914, p. xv; *v.* also pp. xx, xxi.

DRYDEN died insolvent; and neglect to change their linnen, because SMITH was a sloven." [1]

Such, then, was Philips's "intimate chrony"; so inseparable were the friends that a story was circulated of them, as of Steele and Addison, "that whoever invited one, always had the company of the other of course. The consequence was not disagreeable. Philips was never good company till he was drunk, Smith never but while he was sober. Thus the inviter had constantly one of them, to keep up the ball for the evening." [2]

Philips himself had a reputation for wit and gaiety amongst his intimate friends, but was shy and reserved in the presence of strangers. "I have been told," wrote Johnson, "that he was in company silent and barren, and employed only upon the pleasures of his pipe." [3] His Oxford acquaintance hazarded, when *A Tale of a Tub* appeared, that these silences were not unfruitful. Atterbury, writing to Trelawney in June 1704, reported that Philips and Rag Smith were its probable authors, and Craik in his biography of Swift added from his own somewhat uncharitable fancy that "their much-belauded but unproductive wits may not have combated the rumour too eagerly." [4]

In point of fact Philips's wit had already been productive of *The Splendid Shilling*, which he showed himself in no hurry to claim before the world. *The Post Man* from

[1] Number LIX. Tuesday, 29 May, 1753.

[2] "T" in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1780, Vol. L, p. 280. Lord Castledurrow laid a claim to culture on the strength of the time which he had passed in the company of Smith and Philips; *v. The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D.*, ed. F. Elrington Ball, 1913, V, p. 399.

[3] *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets*, 1779, IV, Philips, p. 10.

[4] Craik: *Life of Jonathan Swift*, 1894, I, pp. 144, 5. *Vide* also *A Tale of a Tub*, ed. A. C. Guthkelch and D. Nichol Smith, 1920, p. xii.

Saturday, 29 March, to Tuesday, 1 April, 1701, announced the publication of "A collection of Poems. . . . Printed for Daniel Brown, at the Black Swan and Bible without Temple Bar, and Benj. Tooke at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet." In this collection Philips's parody entitled *In Imitation of Milton* first appeared. In July of the same year Buck and Strahan announced "A new Miscellany of Original Poems" which they claimed had "never before" been printed.[1] *The Splendid Shilling* was, none the less, amongst them. Four years later, in January 1705,[2] Bragg issued a folio edition of the poem, and then only was the author roused to activity, and in February *The Splendid Shilling* was "first correctly publish'd," but the author's name did not appear on the title-page. Philips did not seem eager to have his wit "belauded," at least outside the group amongst which his manuscript had evidently circulated.

The first issue of *Bleinheim* was apparently published in January 1704/5.[3] "The reason of his coming to town was the Perswasion of some Great Persons who engag'd him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM* . . . That POEM brought him into Favour and Esteem with Two of the most eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appear'd in our Age; The one famous for his Political Knowledge and Universal Learning: The other distinguish'd for the different Talents of a Refin'd and Polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, joyn'd with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern." Sewell thus described Philips's connection with Harley and St. John.[4] Addison's

[1] *The Post Man*, 8–10 July, 1701.

[2] The title-page of Narcissus Luttrell's copy, now in the possession of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, contains his usual note of the date of purchase, "170$\frac{5}{6}$ 29 Januar." and the price paid, "3*d*." (1705 is the printed date; the rest is Luttrell's addition in ink.)

[3] *Vide* Bibliographical Note.

[4] *Life*, 1712, p. 10.

Campaign had been printed by Tonson earlier in the same year, and the moderate Tories, whatever their true feelings may have been, knew that it was useless at that time to attempt to check the popular enthusiasm for Marlborough ; the best thing that they could do in the circumstances was to join in it. *Bleinheim*—a sorry triumph in the eyes of the author himself—was the result. Philips was once " with some of his old acquaintance who fell foul upon him for his Blenheim : after they had teezed him awhile, says Jack, I could not help it, Mr. Secratorry Harley made me write it—but God forgive him ; then, after some pause—& God forgive me also." [1] Nor were references to the poem welcome to his relations ; it was " a jarring String not to be touched in their hearing." [2] Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, who is celebrated along with Marlborough, made Philips a " present " upon its publication.[3] *Bleinheim* was dedicated to Robert Harley,

[1] William Brome to Richard Rawlinson, February 26, 1730/1 (MS. Rawlinson Letters 31, f. 290). Brome adds, " perhaps this should be kept in petto," but it is in Philips's interests that the advice should be ignored. Philips's taciturnity upon another occasion may have been significant: " Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the Poems of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank-verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then could do it in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's : and a gentleman in company ended the dispute, by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by ?—Jacob immediately named Milton's Paradise Lost." (Spence's *Anecdotes* 1858, p. 261.)

[2] MS. Rawlinson Letters 31, f. 140.

[3] *Biog. Brit.* V, p. 3359 *n.* Robert Harley sent him a present upon another occasion. Philips wrote from Christ Church on December 26, 1706 : " I received your present from Dr. Stratford yesterday. I suppose the Doctor deferred the payment till now that it might seem to make a Christmas box " (Historical MSS. Commission, *The Manuscripts of his Grace the Duke of Portland*, IV, 1897, p. 373).

and written at Bucklebury, near Reading, the country seat of St. John.[1]

Sewell's assertion that the writing of *Bleinheim* took Philips to London does not imply that he had finally left Oxford. Letters from Philips to Edward Harley show that he was still in residence at Christ Church in 1707,[2] a year before his death, and he did not graduate at the university ; but presumably, as the second book of *Cyder* was mostly written in London, Philips spent a considerable time there during vacation.

Cerealia appeared anonymously in 1706. This poem was reprinted in Nichols's collection with a note stating that it had been taken " from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the handwriting of Abp. Tennison. It was published by T. Bennet, the Bookseller for whom ' Blenheim ' was printed, a strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author." [3] Bennet had, of course, printed the correct version of *The Splendid Shilling* too, but there is no reason why he should not also have printed the work of Philips's imitators. The calligraphy of the word " Philips " on the Lambeth copy does not resemble other specimens of Tenison's, though it would be difficult to say positively that he did not write it ; whether he wrote it or not, it remains as evidence of a kind in favour of Philips's authorship.[4] The style of the poem itself makes it almost certain that *Cerealia* is John Philips's,[5] and nothing is likelier than that

[1] *Vide* p. 25.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 405.

[3] *A Select Collection of Poems*, IV, 1780, pp. 274–81.

[4] The same sort of evidence, however, exists in favour of Fenton, as a copy of the poem in private hands has written upon the title-page, in eighteenth-century calligraphy, " By Mr. Fenton."

[5] There exists also a possible allusion to the poem, along with

he should himself have written a parody of *Bleinheim*.

In 1707 the *Ode to Henry St. John*,[1] written in Alcaics, was printed by Bowyer. Johnson speaks of it more favourably than of any other poem of Philips, perhaps because it is in Latin : " It is gay, and elegant, and exhibits several artful accomodations of classick expressions to new purposes."[2] Edmund Smith wished that Philips had also written *Bleinheim* in Latin " that he might have been out of the reach of the empty Criticks, who would have as little understood his meaning in that Language, as they do his Beauties in their own."[3] If an English poem has to be translated into Latin before it can be appreciated, it is sorely in want of defence, but Smith's remark makes it clear that he, and in all likelihood Philips himself, thought of *Bleinheim*, and probably of *Cyder*, " more in the way of a prize composition in a learned language than as anything original and vernacular."[4]

" *Cyder*," Johnson wrote, " was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgick*, which needed not shun the presence

Cyder, as one written by Philips in *Original Poems on Several Occasions*, by Edward Pickering Rich, 1720, pp. 17, 8 :

> . . . yet *Horace* sure may lye,
> For Verses very good, and very high,
> Were wrote by those whose Hearts did only pant
> After the grateful, but immortal Plant,
> Which *Philips* (happy Bard !) so sweetly sung,
> Or *England*'s Nectar, which from *Ceres* sprung.

(*A Poetical Essay, most humbly address'd to . . . Lady How.*) Rich matriculated from Balliol in 1716/7.

[1] There are transcripts of this poem in MS. Lat. misc. C. 14 in the Bodleian, and Lansdowne 852 in the British Museum.

[2] *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets*, IV, 1779, Philips, p. 15.

[3] MS. Rawlinson Poet. 113, f. 37v.

[4] Prof. Saintsbury in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, IX, p. 182.

of the original."[1] Philips received forty guineas from Tonson for the poem on 24 January, 1707/8,[2] and the *Daily Courant* for the 28th[3] announced its publication on the day following. "As to Jack Philips," wrote William Brome to Dr. Rawlinson in 1730/1, "I can only Say in General that there is considerable alteration in his Pomona from what it first design'd: it lay scatter'd in little Bits of Paper till it was put together with the change at I think Chelsea with Bp Atterbury. I have inclosed *Jacks own Autograph* of his Plan for the Poem. . . ."[4] What Brome tells here tallies with Sewell's account: "the Foundation of that work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part in Town."[5]

Cyder was Philips's last work; he died at Hereford little more than a year after its publication on 15 February, 1708/9. Smith implies that life in London contributed

[1] *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets*, IV, 1779, Philips, p. 4.

[2] *Vide* Johnson's *Lives*, ed. Cunningham, 1854, II, p. 22 *n*. "On the 27th November, 1707, Tonson entered into an agreement with Philips to give him for his poem of 'Cyder,' in two books, forty guineas; one hundred copies on large paper, and two dedication copies bound in Turkey leather. For a second edition they were to give him ten guineas. On the 24th January, 1707–8, Philips signed the following receipt:

'January 24th, 1707. Received then of Jacob Tonson forty guineas in full for the copy of a poem intituled "Cyder" in two books.

I say received by me,

John Philips.'

"These facts I derive from the original agreement and receipt sold (1854) to Mr. Monckton Milnes among the effects of Mr. Pickering, the well-known publisher. I have one of the larger paper copies."

[3] I have not been able to see a copy of this date, but presumably the late Mr. G. A. Aitken had done so (*v. D.N.B.* article on Philips, vol. xlv, p. 176).

[4] MS. Rawlinson Letters 31, f. 19.

[5] *Life*, 1712, p. 17.

to his illness; he had gone to Bath, suffering from asthma and consumption, during the preceding summer. Thomas Trevor, afterwards Lord Trevor of Bromham, to whom Smith dedicated his poem on the death of Philips, had cared for him devotedly as his health grew worse. His mother had an inscription cut for his grave in the Cathedral at Hereford,[1] and Simon Harcourt erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey.

Sewell in his *Life* of Philips, after discussing *The Splendid Shilling*, *Bleinheim*, the *Ode to Henry St. John* and *Cyder*, adds: "By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote anything more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any am I very sollicitous about them, being convinc'd that these were all which he finish'd and it would be an Injury to his Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never design'd for the Public."[2] But Philips evidently replied to Blackmore's *Advice to the Poets*[3] which appeared in 1706. Elijah Fenton[4] wrote on 24 January, 1706/7, to

[1] *Vide The Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Hereford*, 1717, p. 22. The original inscription was demolished during the restoration of the Cathedral, and there is now a brass on the spot, with the wording: "Johannes Philips Obiit 15 Die Anno Dom 1708 Ætatis 32" and a spray of apples as ornament.

[2] *Life*, 1712, pp. 24, 5.

[3] "Advice to the Poets a Poem Occasioned by the wonderful success of Her Majesty's Arms under the Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough in Flanders. Printed in the year 1706." (*Vide A Collection of Poems*, by Sir Richard Blackmore; London, Browne and Walthoe, 1718.) Philips is not alluded to by name, but the following passage clearly refers to *Bleinheim*:

> No more let *Milton's* Imitator dare
> Torture our Language to torment the Ear,
> With Numbers harsher than the Din of War;
> Let him no more his horrid Muse employ
> In uncouth Strains, pure *English* to destroy,
> And from its Ruins yell his hideous Joy.

[4] Wooll: *Biographical Memoirs of Joseph Warton*, 1806, p. 203. Fenton wrote upon another occasion, "Even the late ingenious

Joseph Newton: "I am glad to hear that Mr. Phillips will publish his Pomona. Who prints it? I should be mightily obliged to you, if you could get me a copy of his verses against Blackmore."[1] The counter-attack has evidently remained anonymous or has perished.

Edmund Smith in his poem on Philips, and Sewell himself later in his biography, mentions a design of Philips "to write a *Poem* upon the *Resurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*,"[2] and William Brome told Thomas Rawlins that "Jack" was also writing "a latine epistle Horace stile,"[3] the loss of which is perhaps more to be regretted.

Other poems have been attributed to him in different

Mr. *Philips*, who, in the colours of style, came the nearest of all the Copiers to resemble the great Original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence. . . ." (*The Life of Mr. John Milton*, 1739, p. xiv.)

[1] Dr. H. G. de Maar, in his *History of Modern English Romanticism*, claims (I, 1924, p. 150) that *A Panegyrick Epistle (wherein is given an Impartial Character of the present English Poets) to Sir R. B. on his most Incomprehensible Poem, call'd Advice to the Poets* is the poem to which Fenton alludes. It was apparently announced in *The Daily Courant* for 11 August, 1706. It is written in heroic couplets and defends Philips, as he had been attacked, without the mention of his name. It may, of course, belong to Philips, but Fenton's allusion to "his verses against Blackmore" and the existence of this poem do not seem to me conclusive evidence. Philips was not the only writer attacked in *Advice to the Poets*, and was not the only person who might have replied to it.

[2] *A Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips* [1709/10], p. 9. There is a reference to this plan in the preface to *An Essay on the Conflagration In Blank Verse, By Samuel Catherall, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College in Oxford* . . . Oxford . . . 1720; "As the Subject of the following Essay deserves the most strict and solemn Meditation, so it requires the most *Able Genius* to manage it with Success. *Milton* was only equal to the Task, or perhaps the Ingenious Mr. *Philips*, who had design'd a Poetical Description of the *Future Judgment*, as Mr. *Smith* hints in his moving Elegy upon that Author." (Sign. A2.)

[3] This epistle was addressed to a Dr. Lane of Bristol; *v.* MS. Ballard 19, f. 160. Brome is writing on 27 August, 1740.

places. *A Bachanalion Song* " by Mr. Phillips " appeared in *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems*,[1] and was reprinted in Nichols's collection with a foot-note : " From many circumstances, I have little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of ' The Splendid Shilling.' "[2] This, however, was in 1780, and in 1709 " Mr. Phillips " might as well, or better, have implied some one other than the author of *The Splendid Shilling*. There is not sufficient evidence for certain acceptance or rejection of the song.

The Fall of Chloe's Jordan, a burlesque imitation of Milton, was issued in 1713 in folio, at a price of threepence, " printed and sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane, and W. Chetwood a[t] the sign of the *Sword* and *Cross*, over against *Exeter-Exchange* [in] the *Strand*."[3] *The Poetical Calendar* reprinted the poem, with some differences of reading, as " by the late Mr. John Philips, author of Cyder, a Poem."[4] The resemblances in style between *The Fall of Chloe's Jordan* and *The Splendid Shilling* are close in certain individual points, and the general treatment would certainly seem to reveal Philips's authorship, as the following lines, for example, demonstrate :

> So the fam'd Edistone near *Plymouth* Port,
> Sure mark to wand'ring Ships when lost in Night ;
> Contemn'd the Billows rowling round its Sides,
> And mock'd their Sports, till on a fatal Night,
> The Winds blew loud, the enrag'd Billows roar'd,
> And plung'd the *Pharo*'s in th' vast Abyss.[5]

[1] Lintott [1709], pp. 321, 2. [2] IV, 1780, pp. 281, 2.

[3] With the title *A Poem on the Memorable Fall of Chloe's P—s Pot.* It was announced, but with no indication of its authorship, in *Pax, Pax ; or, a Pacifick Post Boy* for 31 January–3 February, 1712/3.

[4] *The Poetical Calendar . . . Written and Selected by Francis Fawkes, M.A., And William Woty*, 2nd ed[n]., 1764, IV, pp. 107–11.

[5] 1713, F°, p. 4. Dr. de Maar points out that as the first lighthouse was completed in 1700 and swept away by storm in 1703, this poem must have been written after November, 1703 (*A History of Modern English Romanticism*, I, 1924, p. 155).

There is not, however, the slightest evidence that Philips ever sanctioned the publication of this poem, which he would in all probability have deprecated, and for this reason it has not been reprinted in the present edition.[1]

Philips enjoyed an immense reputation amongst his contemporaries. "Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama Johannis Philips," the Westminster memorial modestly

[1] Herr Harrach, in his *Inaugural-Dissertation* upon Philips (Kreuznach, 1906) discusses the authorship of four other poems. These are (i) *To a Lady: with Milton's Paradise Lost* (p. 392, *A Collection of Poems*, Brown and Tooke, 1701. 8°). (ii) *Ramelies. A Poem*, . . . London: Printed for Ben Bragg, at the Black Swan in Pater-Noster Row, 1706. F°. (iii) *A Song: What! put off with One Denial?* (p. 401, *A Collection of Poems*). (iv) *The Sylvan Dream* or *The Mourning Muses*, . . . London, Printed for Joseph Turner, Bookseller in Sheffield, Yorkshire; and are to be Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. 1701. F°. Of these he thinks (i) and (iii) are probably Philips's, (iv) almost certainly so, (ii) almost certainly not. (i) and (ii) can be proved to belong to other authors; (i) appears in Prior's *Poems on Several Occasions*, Tonson, 1708—where (p. 23) it is said to have been written by Mr. Bradbury in the Countess of Dorset's Milton. I know nothing of Mr. Bradbury, except that he was not Mr. Philips. The dedication of (ii) in the British Museum copy is unsigned, but in that at Lambeth Palace the name "Cha: Johnson" is printed at the conclusion. There is no claim in *A Collection of Poems* that (iii) is Philips's, and Hills, the publisher of the volume of Philips's poems in which this and (i) appear (*v.* Bibliographical Note), also reprints a song definitely attributed to Mr. Cheek; (i) and (iii) are merely anonymous; (i), as we have seen, is not Philips's; there is no good reason for thinking that (iii) is his either. (iv) cannot be accepted without conclusive evidence. The odds are always against Philips having written a poem not in blank verse. This assumption, and the improbability of anyone of Philips's political sympathies writing in praise of William III, added to the consideration of the early date and Sheffield printer, weigh too heavily against the "John Philips" written upon the title-page of the British Museum copy, who, if he wrote the poem, may still not have been the author of *The Splendid Shilling*. There were two other writers with the same combination of names.

proclaimed.[1] Allusions to him are frequent in eighteenth-century literature. Some of the lines celebrating Philips speak of him in his own burlesque manner :

> Philips, who's by the *Shilling* known,
> Ne'er saw a Shilling of his own,[2]

wrote Lady Winchilsea in *A Tale of the Miser and the Poet*, and Edward Pickering Rich in inscribing a poem to the author of *The Lost Guinea* (who had professed himself "an entire Stranger" to *The Splendid Shilling*) opens with the passage :

> A Shilling *Philips* (spendid *Bard* !) could praise,
> And think it worthy of immortal Lays ;
> You that are more in Pocket, if not Verse,
> May thank your Stars, and bless that you're no worse.[3]

Thomas Warton in his *Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, after picturing Adam exiled from the joys of Eden, writes :

> Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
> The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
> Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful Ale ;
> Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
> Mean follower : like him with honest love
> Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
> But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful care
> Avert his hapless lot ![4]

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[1] His popularity is further proved by an announcement in *The Post Boy*, 2–4 November, 1710 : "This day is publish'd, The Effigies of the late ingenious Mr. John Philips, Author of the *Splendid Shilling*, *Blenheim*, and *Syder*, curiously engraven, on a large Copper-Plate, from three different Paintings, all of them drawn from the Life. Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys between the two Temple-Gates, and sold by Phil. Overton, Pictureseller, at the Golden Buck against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street, and most other Printsellers, in London and Country."

[2] *Miscellany Poems, on Several Occasions. Written by a Lady*, . . . 1713, p. 148.

[3] *Original Poems on Several Occasions*, 1720, p. 20.

[4] *The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Warton, B.D.*, 1802, II, pp. 187, 8. The *Panegyric* was apparently written in 1748 and pub-

William Heard, in his *Sentimental Journey*, thinks of Philips as the cider poet:

> . . . Where, in raptur'd fancy, we beheld
> The blooming fruits such floods of *cyder* yield;
> Thy liquor, PHILIPS, whose enchanting tongue
> So well the beauties of POMONA sung.[1]

Such tributes were too light in tone for some of Philips's admirers, not a few of whom are more unfortunate in their references. Edmund Smith's poem on Philips's death, whether or not it deserves Johnson's praise as "amongst the best elegies which our language can shew, an elegant mixture of fondness and admiration, of dignity and softness," certainly justifies the subsequent remark, "there are some passages too ludicrous"; such is that in which Smith recalls Philips's description of the medlar in *Cyder* and applies words which were appropriate enough of fruit, to the dying poet, who could, apparently—

> In his last Hours his easy Wit display,
> Like the rich Fruit he sings, delicious in decay.[2]

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lished in 1750. Warton referred to Philips in prose also; v. *A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion: being a Complete Supplement to all Accounts of Oxford hitherto published . . .* [n.d.], p. 15.

[1] *A Sentimental Journey to Bath, Bristol, and their Environs; a Descriptive Poem . . .*, 1778, ll. 99–108. Hume, wishing to expand the point that "Men of wit always turn the discourse on subjects that are entertaining to the imagination; and poets never present any objects but such as are of the same nature," writes: "Mr. Philips has chosen *Cider* for the subject of an excellent poem. Beer would not have been so proper, as being neither so agreeable to the taste nor eye. But he would certainly have preferred wine to either of them, could his native country have afforded him so agreeable a liquor . . ." *A Treatise of Human Nature* (first published 1738), ed. A. D. Lindsay, II, p. 77.

[2] *A Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips* [1709/10], p. 12. See also above, p. x *n.*

Leonard Welsted did not hesitate to prophesy that Philips was as sure of immortality as Virgil; cider was—

> Of equal Worth, since so divinely sung
> To *Maro's* Vintage, and shall last as long.[1]

According to Smith, again, France was prostrated no less by Philips's poetic than by Marlborough's military powers, and J. Cunduit, a Westminster Scholar,[2] took the trouble to develop the same thought at some length when the House of Commons voted that something should be done to perpetuate the Duke's memory; any such resolution was, in the light of *Bleinheim*, superfluous:

> YE can't a Monument more lasting raise
> Long to perpetuate your CHURCHILL's Praise,
> Not costly Pyramids of Pride which must
> With their frail Hero moulder into Dust;
> No bright Emblaz'nary, or proud Array,
> A gaudy Pomp that lasts but for a Day:
> In *PHILIPS* Numbers he'll for ever shine,
> He breaths in every Word, and lives in every Line.
> O! with what Spirit does the Poet write,
> Not with a greater did his Hero fight.
> He scorns a tedious Journal to rehearse
> Set off with nothing but the Chink of Verse,

[1] *A Poem to the Memory of the Incomparable Mr. Philips*, 1710, p. 5.

[2] Philips wrote to Edward Harley on 28 April, 1707, from Christ Church: "As soon as I received your letter I enquired about the nature of the Westminster gratulatory verses, but could not meet with a satisfactory account, nor so much as one copy that might be of use as an example. However I have procured at last some verses which (as far as I am able to guess who am a stranger to the Westminster method) may pass tolerably for a King's scholar. You may expect them on Wednesday night." This letter is followed by another dated the next day: "According to my promise I send the enclosed verses. I wish they were better for you and your friend's sake. However I hope you will accept them as they are, since I could procure no better. I don't know what inscription should be put to them: I suppose the gentleman they are designed for knows what is proper in such case." *Portland MSS.*, IV, 1897, p. 405.

That dull sweet Ornament let others use
T' adorn their thoughtless Work, and humble Muse ;
Great *PHILIPS* soars Aerial, and sings
Sublime in mighty Numbers mighty Things :
Not in a loftier Strain or louder String
Did *Homer* once his great *Achilles* sing.
For such a Bard as this in youthful Pride
Young *Ammon* noble long'd, and fondly cry'd ;
He knew the Tripod where the Priestess stood
Could never make him half so great a God,
Nor artful *Phidias* with his utmost Care
Could er'e a Monument so lasting rear.
'Tis on the Poet's Pen the Hero flyes,
And on his Pinion tow'ring mounts the Skies.
The very Pillars, which the Artists make,
Are only lasting for th' Inscription's sake ;
And if a while the brittle Structure lives,
The Life the Poet, not the Artist, gives.[1]

[1] These lines, headed "A Copy of Verses on Mr. *Philips*'s Poem On the Victory at Blenheim Occasion'd By the Vote of the House of Cōmons to do Somewhat to perpetuate the D. of *M.*'s memory. By J. Cunduit, a *Westm.* Scholar. To the Commons." are to be found written in imitation of typography in a folio volume of Philips's printed poems in the possession of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Another manuscript copy differing in no important points is amongst the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum (Lansdowne 852, ff. 62^{v}, 63^{r}). It is evidently the copy which Mr. Brett-Smith possesses which is described in a letter of Richard Rawlinson's to Thomas Rawlins, dated 25 October, 1743: " . . . In an auction now selling under real or fictitious names, which I cannot tell are many of the late Ld Oxfords books, which would not pass under extravagent marks at a sale, some I have purchased not incurious particular a most inimitable piece of penmanship of the famous Chester Writing Master Thomasin it is a dedication to Philips Blenheim, Shilling &c a draught of his Westminster Monumt and its inscription so curious as not to be distinguish'd but by a few virtuosi from Print. . . . " (MS. Ballard II, f. 146, in the Bodleian.) William Brome was so anxious to possess this volume that he quarrelled with Rawlinson about it (*ibid.*, ff. 167, 8; 268).

The vote of the House of Commons alluded to in the title to Cunduit's lines was passed on 11 January, 1704/5.

Thomas Tickell [1] considered Philips as great a poet as Milton, whilst in conduct he was his superior, and William King [2] refused at least half seriously to despair of contemporary poetry because " the living Muse " was, amongst others, responsible for Philips, whilst it was Prior's opinion that " Mr. PHILLIPS, had He lived, would have excelled " in blank verse.[3]

Miltonic imitation in the eighteenth century, and indeed imitations of *The Splendid Shilling* alone, would make an independent subject. Thomas Brown, as early as 1707, had been provoked to write some lines *To the Ingenious Mr.* John Phillips *of* Oxon, *on the many Scurvy Imitators of* Milton :

> . . . No, *Phillips*, by the Muses tis a Shame,
> It lessens not Great *Milton*'s Sacred Name ;
> Great as himself, and Glorious he appears,
> And brighter shines by Imitators Cares.
> If any, you an equal Race can run,
> Who are *Apollo*'s Darling Eldest Son.
> Such soaring Numbers as Great *Milton* wrote,
> Your Fancy suit, and elevated Thought.
> The Man and Arms you sung with Conquest crown'd,
> When Thund'ring Cannons shook *Blenheimian* Ground.
> Advance at once your own and *Milton*'s Name,
> You have I promise you a Lovely Theme ;
> Sing on, and let your lofty Numbers be
> With *Milton*'s *Genius* grac'd and Victory.[4]

Lady Winchilsea's *Fanscombe Barn* [5] appeared in 1713. Other writers—for the most part, and deservedly, little

[1] Nichols's *Select Collection*, 1780, V, p. 42. (*Oxford.*)

[2] *The Original Works of William King, LL.D.*, 1776, III, p. 185. (*The Art of Love.*)

[3] *Vide* The Preface to *Solomon on the Vanity of the World* (*Poems on Several Occasions*, ed. A. R. Waller, 1905, p. 260).

[4] *Essays Serious and Comical . . . By a Person of Quality . . .* 1707, pp. 265–6.

[5] *Miscellany Poems, on Several Occasions. Written by a Lady . . .* 1713, p. 28.

known—imitated Philips himself. Such are the authors of *The Copper Farthing*,[1] *The Crooked Sixpence*,[2] *Geneva*,[3] *The Schoolboy*,[4] *The Oxonian*[4] and *The Shoe-heel*.[5] In *The Lover's Miscellany*,[6] *The Splendid Shilling* was imitated in rhyme. "The merit of such performances," wrote Johnson, "begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect but a small part of the praise which Philips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a

[1] Miss Pennington, who (according to the note in *The Repository* 1777, I, p. 136) died in 1759, aged twenty-five; she was celebrated with Philips in *The Feminead* by John Duncombe:

> Nor shall thy much lov'd *Pennington* remain
> Unsung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.
> See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
> The fairy ground that *Phillips* trod before,
> Exalts her chemic wand, and swift behold
> The basest metals ripen into gold. . . .

[2] James Bramston. This imitation was made the subject of a tiresome and laborious practical joke. It was issued by Dodsley in 1743 with the title *The Crooked Six-Pence. With a Learned Preface Found among Some Papers bearing Date the same Year in which Paradise Lost was published by the late Dr. Bently. . . . The Original Manuscript will be deposited in the Cotton-Library. . . .* In the Preface Catherine Philips is stated to be the author of *The Splendid Shilling*.

[3] Stephen Buck, 1734. This is a poem "Occasioned By the late Act of Parliament for Allowing Liquors Compound of English Spirits." It is coarse without being clever.

[4] The Rev. Thomas Maurice.

[5] *The Shoe-Heel, A Rhapsody By Mr. Mitchell . . .* 1727.

[6] *The Lovers Miscellany: or, Poems on Several Occasions, amorous and gallant. In Imitation of Mr. Prior. With an Introductory Poem, Rural and Political: and Mr. J. Philips's Splendid Shilling Imitated in Rhime . . . MDCCXIX*, pp. 53–9.

jest." [1] But these writers did not so much as repeat the jest.

Poets of didactic blank verse and of "the commercial epic" looked back to Philips as the pioneer in this kind of writing. As the author of *Cyder*, he was invoked by Christopher Smart as the presiding genius of *The Hop Garden*,[2] and James Grainger in *The Sugar Cane* links him with Hesiod and Virgil and with the authors of *The Fleece*, *The Hop Garden* and *The Chase*.[3]

William Roberts, at this time a Fellow and subsequently Provost of Eton, in his *Poetical Epistle to Christopher Anstey, Esq.*, properly associates Philips in the history of blank verse and of poetic diction with Milton and Thomson and then with Armstrong, Somerville, Akenside and Mason, and it would be easy to add to his list, for blank verse at least rivalled the heroic couplet as a popular form in the eighteenth century.[4]

Philips's popularity is shown also by the translations of his work. Thomas Holland [5] and Thomas Tyrwhitt [6] wrote Latin versions of *The Splendid Shilling*, and there is an anonymous *Nummus Splendidus* of 1777.[7] The manu-

[1] *Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets . . .*, 1779, IV, Philips, p. 12. So Goldsmith, in *The Beauties of English Poetry* of *The Splendid Shilling*: "This is reckoned the best parody of Milton in our language: it has been an hundred times imitated, without success. The truth is, the first thing in this way must preclude all future attempts; for nothing is so easy as to burlesque any man's manner, when we are once shewed the way." (1767, I, p. 255.)

[2] *The Poems of the late Christopher Smart, M.A.*, 1791, I, pp. 131, 2.

[3] Also the Preface to *The Sugar Cane*, 1764, p. 473.

[4] Vide *A Poetical Epistle*, 1753, p. 8.

[5] MS. Rawlinson J., 4°, ff. 216, 7.

[6] *Splendens Solidus*, 1747: included in *Translations in Verse . . . Oxford, . . .* 1752.

[7] *Nummus Splendidus. Cantabrigi*, 1777.

script of a Latin rendering of *Cyder*, by Richard Phelps,[1] is to be seen in the Hereford Public Library, and *Cyder* was also translated into Tuscan by Count Magalotti.[2] Christ Church undergraduates alluded to it in their Latin verse compositions.[3]

Even during Philips's lifetime there were protests against this adulation. Blackmore made his in 1706 in *Advice to the Poets*.[4] *Cyder* provoked, in the year of its publication, Gay's *Wine*[5]; it had invited some retort of the kind. And Gildon wrote that "the author of the *Parodie* [*The Splendid Shilling*], never did anything else worth looking on."[6]

Samuel Wesley also makes his allusion in *The Descriptive : A Miltonick* easily recognisable, and his is a parody which Philips might have appreciated, for it is subtle and far from unjust in its treatment :

> Nor Ceres, fancy'd Pow'r ! but Nature boon
> Roughens the furrow'd Plain with beardy Gold.
> Behold He comes with trembling Pace, but sure,
> Whose icy Breath the circum-ambient Air
> Chills frore ; by Rustick Foot or Carriage prest,

[1] This translation (Pilley 3.9579) was dedicated by Richard Phelps to Stephen Philips, brother of the poet.

[2] The Tuscan translation was first published posthumously in 1749 at Florence ; there was a second edition in 1752. There are MS. versions of it in the Bodleian Library (MS. Add. C.3) and in the British Museum (King's MSS. 324, and Lansdowne 1045). Edmund Smith alludes to it in his poem upon the death of Philips, p. 5.

[3] *Carmina Quadragesimalia, ab Ædis Christi Oxon. . . . . 1757*, I, p. 12 ; II, p. 20.

[4] *Vide* note to p. xxvi, *supra*.

[5] *Wine A Poem . . . Printed for William Keble, at the Black-Spread-Eagle in Westminster-Hall*, 1708, p. 8. *Vide* also Smith's *Poem to the Memory of Mr. John Philips*, p. 8.

[6] *The Laws of Poetry*, 1721, p. 321.

> Unyielding, unobsequious stands the Frost,
> Nitrous, incrusted, crispy, crackling, crimp.[1]

The nineteenth century came nearer to a true estimate of Philips's powers. Crabbe invokes the muse at the opening of his letter on Inns in these words :

> *Inns* are this Subject—'tis an ill-drawn Lot,
> So, thou who gravely triflest, fail me not.
> Fail not, but haste, and to my Memory bring
> Scenes yet unsung which few would choose to sing :
> Thou mad'st a Shilling splendid ; thou hast thrown
> On humble Themes the Graces all thine own.[2]

And Thomas Campbell comments in the note to *The Splendid Shilling* in his *Specimens of the British Poets* : " The fame of this poet (says the grave doctor of the last century), will endure as long as Blenheim is remembered, or cider drunk in England. He might have added, as long as tobacco shall be smoked : for Philips has written more meritoriously about the Indian weed, than about his native apple ; and his Muse appears to be more in her element amidst the smoke of the pipe than of the battle. . . . His Splendid Shilling is the earliest, and one of the best, of our parodies ; but Blenheim is as completely a burlesque upon Milton as The Splendid Shilling, though it was written and read with gravity. In describing his hero, Marlborough, stepping out of Queen Anne's drawing-room, he uncon-

[1] *Poems on Several Occasions by Samuel Wesley, A.M.*, 1736, p. 153 ; *v.* also *Epigram on the foregoing Miltonicks*, p. 156. Cf. *The Splendid Shilling*, l. 60, *Bleinheim*, ll. 156, 424, *Cyder*, I, l. 192, II, l. 171.

John Armstrong, in his *Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects by Launcelot Temple, Esq.*, first published in 1758, protests that " the transposition of words, which gives such grace and spirit to the *Greek* and *Latin* languages, and without which they would become detestably flat and insipid, does not at all suit the genius of the *English* ; except sometimes in poetry : and, by the way, I am afraid there are too many ungraceful transpositions current amongst our *English* poets " (*Miscellanies*, 1770, II, p. 156).

[2] *The Borough.*

sciously carries the mock-heroic to perfection. . . . "[1] *The Splendid Shilling*, Hazlitt holds, " makes the fame of this poet—it was a lucky thought happily executed,"[2] and Leigh Hunt says much the same thing at greater length : his serious imitations of Milton " are not worth a penny ; but his burlesque of the style of *Paradise Lost* . . . is still welcome to the lover of wit."[3]

To his humour, technical skill and appreciation of literary style Philips owes his place in the history of parody. *The Splendid Shilling* was, according to Addison, " the finest burlesque poem in the British language "[4]—a fine-sounding compliment, though in 1710 *The Shilling* had not many competitors. The " mock-poems " which had preceded it were of the roughest workmanship. There had been nothing but *MacFlecknoe* to compare with it in subtlety of treatment, and Dryden was not parodying a style but satirising an author. " It is a much easier thing," wrote Edmund Smith, " to make a great thing appear little than a little one great : Cotton, and others of very poor genius have done the former ; but Philips, Garth and Boileau only the latter."[5] *The Splendid Shilling*, at its best, is undeniably happy : the description of the poet's galligaskins subdued by time, in Smith's words, is " admirably

[1] *Specimens of the British Poets with biographical and critical notices . . . by Thomas Campbell, Esq. A new edition*, 1841, p. 318.

[2] Hazlitt : *Collected Works*, ed. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover, 1902, V, p. 373.

[3] *Wit and Humour*, 1846, p. 274.

[4] *The Tatler* from Thursday, 9 Nov., to Saturday, 11 Nov., 1710, No. 249 ; *v.* G. A. Aitken's edition, 1899, IV, p. 270. The paper was attributed to Swift by Stella, who had heard him talk about *The Shilling*, but it was disclaimed by him.

[5] As examples of the predecessors of *The Splendid Shilling* may be mentioned *The Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses*, by J. S., 1658, and *Maronides, or Virgil Travestie*, by John Philips, Milton's nephew, 1672, besides the *Scarronides* of Cotton (1664) and *The Dispensary* of Garth (1669), to which Smith alludes. *Le Lutrin* had been translated into English in 1682.

patheticall, and shows very well the Vicissitude of Sublunary things. The rest goes on to a prodigious Height, and a Man in Greenland could hardly have made a more pathetick & terrible Complaint." [1]

The rest of Philips's work has a certain historical value, if (as the phrase too often implies), little other interest. Thomson was well aware of his indebtedness to Philips's experiments in blank verse, but literary historians are apt to overlook the period between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and of *The Seasons*. Yet if Milton was the most powerful source of eighteenth-century poetic diction, Philips first yielded to him. Clearly *Cyder* is not free from what Joseph Warton described as "that disgusting impropriety of introducing what may be called hereditary images, without proper regard to the age, or climate, or occasion in which they were formerly used." But, even if in a somewhat negative aspect, his work, for this very reason, is worth passing consideration. It was read by two at least of the important poets of the century; actual borrowings in Thomson and in Pope show that it was carefully read. Thus Pope borrows Philips's "sky-dy'd" [2] and "luxt" in his translation of the *Odyssey*, and in *Windsor Forest* not only do the "little Lives" of the birds come through *Cyder*; the carp with "Scales bedrop'd with Gold" [3] is apparently indebted to the snake of *Cerealia*, which "from each Eye retort . . . shoots Ensanguin'd Rays," whilst—

> . . . The distant Swains admire
> His various Neck, and Spires bedropt with Gold.

Thomson probably owes his "tepid airs" to *Cyder* and his "protended spear" to *The Splendid Shilling*, and these

[1] MS. Rawlinson Poet. 113, f. 35.

[2] *Cyder*, I, l. 53; *Odyssey*, XI, l. 727 and *Cyder*, II, l. 468; *Odyssey*, XI, l. 80.

[3] *Windsor Forest*, 1713, pp. 6, 7.

are only casual instances. They prove, perhaps, the sound sense that underlay Somerville's advice to Thomson:

> Read Philips much, consider Milton more;
> But from their dross extract the purer ore;[1]

but poets do not invariably take advice, and their obstinacy is not without its own interest.

One of the curious features of Philips's seriously intended[2] verse is that it is often least unsuccessful where it is most imitative and reminiscent. So, in *Cyder*, an allusion to Calpe produces a line of real strength:

> *Gallic*, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
> The setting Sun near *Calpe*'s tow'ring Height. (p. 60.)

The discovery that the author of *Cyder* was not "namby-pamby" Philips's brother would probably not affect M. Morel's judgment of his work. "Le *Cidre* de John Philipps," he writes, "vise bien à imiter le style et la manière de Milton; mais l'effet produit n'a rien de miltonien."[3] With the general truth of his verdict no one

[1] *Poetical Epistle upon the first edition of The Seasons.* Somerville invokes Philips as his guide in *Hobbinol, or the Rural Games*, Canto I.

[2] Mr. G. C. Macaulay finds that in Philips "there is always a vein of ironical humour, not sufficient to turn his work into burlesque, but redeeming its heroic style from absurdity" (*James Thomson*, 1910, p. 148). But his ironical humour is not always apparent in *Cyder*, still less in *Bleinheim*, and at times burlesque must have been the poet's true object, as in this passage:

> Nor can the Poet *Bacchus*' Praise indite,
> Debarr'd his Grape: The Muses still require
> Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
> Imploring *Phœbus* with unmoisten'd Lips.

This kind of writing occurs most frequently, it is true, when Philips is dealing with the subject of his poem, whilst he is always somewhat less unfortunate in the digressions.

[3] *James Thomson: Sa vie et ses œuvres . . . par Léon Morel*, 1895, p. 250.

will quarrel, but it is noticeable that on the rare occasions when Philips approaches poetry, he is still Miltonic; lines which emerge from amongst the outrageous distortions of *Bleinheim*—

> The Unfroze Waters marvelously stood
> Observant of the Great Command[1] (p. 18.)

are commoner, though they are not common, than a passage in *Cyder*, which has traces of originality and charm:

> Thy little Sons
> Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
> Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet.[2] (p. 74.)

Some of the landscape here might, perhaps, have exempted Philips from Wordsworth's condemnation of the poetry between Milton and Thomson. From this passage, for example, it is possible to infer that "the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object."

> Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
> To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
> To Human Ken; nor at their Feet the Vales
> Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
> Chews verd'rous Pasture; nor the yellow Fields
> Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety
> Pleasing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
> In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
> A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight. (p. 60.)

The presentation is, of course, undetailed. Philips shared Imlac's belief that the poet's business was not with "the streaks of the tulip." But his taste did not incline towards the over formal landscape. Mountains, for him, are more

[1] The command of the Almighty, however, bears a dangerous resemblance to a subsequent one of Queen Anne (p. 23).

[2] Unfortunately the lines provoke comparison with a stanza in Marvell's *Damon the Mower*, but there are only three words in common, and it is not Philips's fault.

than excrescences: there is a faint admiration in his references to:

> . . . Calpe, by *Alcides* fixt,
> Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
> Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves! (p. 24.)

and to "th' eternal *Alpine* Snows."[1]

Philips, although he appreciated, as *The Splendid Shilling* abundantly makes clear, much of the subtler part of Milton's technique—and he appreciated his rhythms and reproduced them with remarkable imitative skill—failed to understand, as Milton himself supremely understood it, the use of contrast in style. Milton sometimes achieved much by a refusal to visualise, by a deliberate choice of the suggestive term; but his Paradise is revealed in the concrete simplicity of the last half line of this description:

> Betwixt them Lawns, or Level Downs, and Flocks
> Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
> Or palmie hillock, or the flourie lap
> Of some irriguous Valley spread her store,
> Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose.[2]

It is so, too, with the choice of words. His Latinised diction is varied by colloquialisms less frequently noticed, as when he writes of the "coming on" of evening, or of Adam who "gave him up to tears," or of

> That faire field
> Of *Enna* where *Proserpin* gathring flours
> Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
> Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain,
> To seek her through the world.[3]

[1] P. 68. He naturally finds it necessary to mention that an army on the march is—

> . . . Unstruck with Horror at the sight
> Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
> All white with Summer Snows. (p. 12.)

[2] *Paradise Lost*, IV, 252–6. [3] *Ibid.*, IV, 268–72.

Pope, in his *Postscript* to the *Odyssey*, goes to the heart of the matter : " No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks : And let our love to Antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not *Copies* but *Caricatura's* of their original ; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places : Whereas it should have been observed of *Milton* that he is not lavish of his exotick words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous vast and strange, as in the scenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, &c. than where it is turn'd to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of Angels, and the like." [1] Philips could learn only what can be taught : he could reproduce mannerisms of style with extraordinary ingenuity and the result remains in work which is—

> In outward Lineaments
> Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.

[1] *The Odyssey of Homer* . . . 1726, V, p. 305.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE descriptions in this note are confined to such editions of Philips's poems as appeared up to 1720. This date is arbitrarily chosen, but it seemed convenient in that this is the year in which the last important volume was issued, and some limit is clearly necessary, as by 1744 the poems were in their tenth edition. Parts of Philips's work were printed also in many collections of verse from 1713 onwards.[1]

I. *THE SPLENDID SHILLING*

1. A | COLLECTION | OF | POEMS: | VIZ. | *The TEMPLE of DEATH*: | By the Marquis of *NORMANBY*. | *An EPISTLE to the EARL of* DORSET: | By *Charles Montague*, Lord *HALIFAX*. | *The DUEL of the STAGS*: | By Sir *ROBERT HOWARD*. | WITH Several Original POEMS, | Never before Printed, | . . . | [Double ll.] | *LONDON*: Printed for *Daniel Brown*, at the *Black* | *Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*; And *Benjamin* | *Tooke* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, 1701. |

8°; signn. A^4, B-Z^8, Aa-Ee^8, Ff^4; pp. [8] + 453 + [3].

This collection was evidently issued at the end of March, 1701; *v. The Post Man And the Historical Account, &c.*, from 29 March to 1 April, 1701. *The Splendid Shilling*, with the title *In Imitation of Milton*, occupies pp. 393–400.

2. A NEW | Miscellany | of Original | POEMS, | On Several Occasions. | Written by the

E. *of* D.	*Mr.* Granvill,
Sir Charles Sidley,	*Mr.* Dryden,
Sir Fleetw. Shepheard,	*Mr.* Stepney,
Mr. Wolesly,	*Mr.* Rowe.

[1] The use of . . . signifies an omission; a dotted line beneath a word that it is printed in red.

. . . | [Line] | LONDON, | Printed for *Peter Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple* | in *Fleet-street*; and *George Strahan* at the *Golden-* | *Ball*, over against the *Royal-Exchange* in *Corn-* | *hil*. 1701. [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

8°; signn. A-Y⁸, Z⁴ (Sign. C2 mispr. G2, F2 mispr. E2); pp. [16] + 341 + [3].

This collection was evidently issued in July, 1701; *v. The Post Man*, from 8–10 July, 1701. *The Splendid Shilling*, with the title *Imitation of Milton*, occupies pp. 212–21.

3. THE | Splendid Shilling. | A | POEM, | In Imitation of MILTON. | [Line] | By the Author of *Bleinheim*. | [Line] | - - - *Sing Heavenly Muse*, | *Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme*, | *A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire*. Milton. | [Line] | [Type Orn.] | [Line] | LONDON: | Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the Blue-Ball in *Ave-* | *Mary Lane*. 1705. |

F°; sign. A⁴; pp. [2] + 6.

A1ʳ title, as above; pp. 1–6, the text.

A manuscript note in Narcissus Luttrell's hand on the title of a copy of this edition in the possession of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith gives the date of purchase as 29 January, 1705, and the price as threepence. The text of this pirated version is corrupt, and no attempt has been made in the present edition to note obvious errors. Thus such readings as "Wives" for "Wines" at l. 96, and "Sense" for "Verse" at l. 102 have been ignored.

There is a copy of this folio in Christ Church Library.

4. *The Splendid Shilling.* | [Line] | AN | IMITATION | OF | MILTON. | [Line] | Now First Correctly Publish'd | [Line] |—*Sing, Heavenly Muse,* | *Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,* | *A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's Dire.* | [Double ll.] | *LONDON,* | Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the

Half-Moon in | St. *Paul*'s Churchyard. 1705. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

F°; signn. [A] ², B-C ²; pp. [4] + 8.

[A] 1ʳ half-title, [A] 2ʳ title, as above; pp. 1–8, the text.

Two issues of this folio appeared. The only differences in reading between them occur at ll. 24 and 31. The issue adopted as the basis of the present text reads at l. 24:

Sprung from *Cadwalader*, and *Arthur*, Kings

whilst the other issue prints a comma after " Kings," and reads at l. 31 for " Eclip'd " " Eclips'd." The copies with the inferior readings that I have seen have been without the half-title. The Bodleian Library has copies of both issues; that in the British Museum reads " Kings," and " Eclips'd."

II. *BLEINHEIM*

1*a*. BLEINHEIM, | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | ROBERT HARLEY, Esq; | [Line] | By Mr. PHILIPS, of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* | [Line] | LONDON, | Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in | St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

F°; signn. title (one leaf), B-F², G (one leaf); pp. [2] + 22.

Title, as above; pp. 1–22, the text.

The only copy known of this folio is that in the library at Christ Church. It is conceivable that this is a proof copy, with the author's name (suppressed for publication) and without the errata, a copy which Philips might have kept by him and presented to Christ Church after the publication of the poem, because it had his name printed on the title. *Bleinheim* was announced in *A Catalogue of Books*[1] in February 1705, but the second issue, with no name on the title and with errata at the foot of p. 22, was

[1] *Term Catalogues*, ed. Arber.

evidently published by 2 January, 1704/5.[1] Accordingly the copy described above, whether a proof or an earlier published issue, must have been of slightly earlier date. Apart from the title-page, the type of the later issue or the first published copy, as the case may be, does not appear to have been reset.

1*b*. BLEINHEIM, | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | *ROBERT HARLEY*, Esq; | [Double ll.] | LONDON, | Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in | St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

Apart from the title-page, the placing of a comma in l. 164, and the addition of a list of errata, this issue does not differ from 1*a* above. At l. 164 1*a* reads:

Thus thrô each Army Death, in various shapes,

and 1*b* reads:

Thus thrô each Army, Death in various shapes,

The list of errata in 1*b* is printed at the bottom of p. 22 beneath the word *FINIS* and reads: "Page 6. line 16. for *Limitary* read *Military*, p. 19. l. 22 f. *Navy* r. *Navies*."

2. BLEINHEIM, | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | *ROBERT HARLEY*, Esq; | [Line] | The SECOND EDITION. | [Line] | LONDON, | Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in | St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

F°; signn. title (one leaf), B-F², G (one leaf); pp. [2] + 22.

Title, as above; pp. 1–22, the text.

For this, the second edition of the poem, the type was reset, and the errata corrected in the text. The reading of 1*a* is adopted at l. 164.

[1] Manuscript note in Narcissus Luttrell's hand on the title of a copy of the poem in the possession of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith. The price is given as 8*d*.

3. BLEINHEIM, | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | *ROBERT HARLEY*, Esq; | [Line] | The THIRD EDITION. | [Line] | LONDON, | Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in | St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

F°; signn. title (one leaf), B-F², G (one leaf); pp. [2] + 22.

Title, as above; pp. 1–22, the text.

The text for this third edition, which is reprinted in the present edition, has not only been reset, but corrections have been embodied in two places (*v.* pp. 17, 18 of the present edition), and a misprint, "lived" for "livid," introduced at l. 264.

4. Bleinheim, | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | ROBERT HARLEY, Esq; | [Line] | [Orn.] | [Line.] | LONDON: | Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Booksellers | of *London* and *Westminster*, 1709.

8°; sign. A⁸; pp. 16.

A1ʳ title, as above; pp. 3–16, the text.

In some copies p. 5 is misnumbered 4; in others the pagination is correct.

5. BLEINHEIM, | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | ROBERT HARLEY, Esq; | [Double ll.] | LONDON: | Printed; And Reprinted in *Dublin* | by *S. Powell*, for *John Henley*, Book- | seller, at the *Black-a-Moor's Head* | in *Castle-street*, M DCC XIII.

12°; signn. A-B⁶ (B6 not seen); pp. 22.

A1ʳ title, as above; pp. 3–22, the text.

This edition, which may have been a separate publication, appears as part of *A Select Collection of Modern Poems By several Hands . . . Dublin: Printed for John Henly, . . .* 1713.

III. *CEREALIA*

CEREALIA: | [Line] | AN | IMITATION | OF | MILTON: | [Double ll.] | *Per Ambages, Deorumque Ministeria* |

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. | Petronius. | [Double ll.] | LONDON, | Printed for *Thomas Bennet,* at the *Half-Moon* in | *St. Paul's* Church-yard. 1706. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.].

F°; signn. [B]², C-D²; pp. [2] + 10.

[B1]ʳ title, as above; pp. 1–10, the text.

An announcement of *Cerealia* appeared in *A Catalogue of Books* in Easter Term (May) 1706.[1] The earliest reprint of it known to me is that in Nichols's *Select Collection of Poems,* IV, 1780, pp. 274–81. This purports to be set up from the folio edition described above, and differs from it only in minor points. The text of the present edition follows that of the folio of 1706, except that at l. 130 the spacing of Nichols has been adopted.

IV. *ODE TO HENRY ST. JOHN*

F°; sign. A²; pp. 3 + [1].

Pp. 1–3, the text; [1], blank.

There is no separate title to this edition, but the poem is headed, on p. 1, "Honoratissimo Viro, Henrico St.--John, ARMIGERO, ODE." There is a colophon, on p. 3, which runs: "LONDINI, Impensis J. BOWYER ad insigne Rosæ in *Ludgate-Street,* | juxta Cœmeterium D. *Pauli.* cIↃ IↃCC VII." There were two issues of this folio, and the type of two pages at least was reset. Some copies read at l. 50 "Ornat! labellis"; others read "O! labellis." The text of the present edition follows that of the British Museum copy [835. m. 8 (15)]. The facsimile of the title-page preceding it is that of the second edition published by Curll in 1713.[2]

[1] *Term Catalogues,* ed. Arber.

[2] It should be noted that the Ode catalogued by the B.M. as 1710 (?) is only a detached number of pages from the Tonson, Curll and Jauncy *Poems* of 1720, and not a separate publication. *Vide* § VI 7. For a description of the second edition of the Ode *v.* § VI 3α, β, γ.

V. *CYDER*

CYDER. | A | POEM. | In TWO BOOKS. | [Line] | *—Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo?* Virg. | [Line] | LONDON: | Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn* | Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1708. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

8vo; signn. [A]^{2}, B-F^{8}, G^{4}, H^{2}; pp. [6] + 89 + [1].

[A1]^{r}, engraving by Michael Vander Gucht; [A2]^{r} title, as above; B1^{r}, half-title; pp. 1–89, the text.

The frontispiece is from the same design as the plate in Dryden's *Works of Virgil*, F°, Tonson, 1697, in illustration of *Georgics* II, 1 (facing p. 71). My large-paper copy measures 22·2 × 13·85 cms., but it has been trimmed.

VI. EDITIONS, OTHER THAN OF SEPARATE POEMS, TO 1720

1. CYDER. | A | POEM. | [Line.] | In TWO BOOKS.] [Line.] |*—Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo?* Virg. | [Line.] | WITH THE | SPLENDID SHILLING. | PARADISE LOST, | and two Songs, &c. | [Line.] | LONDON: Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near | the Waterside. 1708. |

8°; signn. A-C^{8}; pp. 48.

A1^{r}, title; pp. 2–40, *Cyder*; pp. 41–5, *The Splendid Shilling*; p. 45, *To a Lady: with Milton's Paradise Lost;* p. 46, *A Song* ("What! put off with One Denial?"); p. 47 *A Song* by Mr. Cheek ("Bright *Cy*[*n*]*thia's* Power divinely Great"); p. 48, Catalogue of Hills's publications.

2. CYDER. | A | POEM. | . . . | [Line] | WITH THE | SPLENDID SHILLING; | PARADISE LOST, | And Two SONGS, *&c.* | [Line] | LONDON: | Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near | the Water-side. 1709. |

A second edition of the copy of 1708 described above: size, pagination and contents, the same, but the type of the text, in addition to that of the title, has been reset.

3a. THE | WORKS | OF | Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.* |

viz. | I. The SPLENDID SHILLING; | in Imitation | of *Milton.* | II. BLEINHEIM, a Poem. Inscribed to the | Right Honourable *Robert Harley*, Esq; | III. CYDER, a Poem. In Two Books. | IV. ODE, ad *Henricum St. John*, Armig. | To which are added, | PASTORALS: | By Mr. AMBROSE PHILIPS. | [Line] | LONDON: | Printed, and Sold by E. CURLL, at the *Dial* | and *Bible* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in | *Fleet-street.* 1714. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

8°; signn. frontispiece (one leaf), title (one leaf (?)), [A]3, [A]4, B-F⁴, one leaf (?), A2–A8, A-C⁸, A⁸, B⁴; 65 leaves.

Reproduction of Westminster monument; title, as above; A3ʳ-E3ʳ, text of Life; E4ʳ ᵛ, announcement of books printed for Curll; F1ʳ, sectional title:—ODE, | AD | *Henricum St. John*, Armig. | [Orn.] | [Double ll.] | *LONDINI:* | Impensis E. CURLL. M . DCC . XIII .; F2ʳ-4ᵛ, the text; one leaf (?), "*The Foregoing ODE Imitated in* ENGLISH." A2-A8, the text of *Bleinheim*; A1, sectional title:— CYDER. | A | POEM. | [Line] | In TWO BOOKS | [Line] | —*Honos erit huic quoq;* Pomo ? Virg. | [Line] | WITH THE | SPLENDID SHILLING. | PARADISE LOST; | and two Songs, &c. | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black Fryars*, near | the Water-side. 1708.; A1ᵛ-C4ᵛ, the text of *Cyder;* C5ʳ-C7ʳ, the text of *The Splendid Shilling;* C7ʳ, TO | A | LADY: | WITH | *Milton's* Paradise Lost. ("See here how bright the First-born Virgin shone!"); C7ʳ, A | SONG. ("What! put off with One Denial?"); C8ʳ, A | SONG. | *By Mr.* Cheek ("Bright *Cy*[*n*]*thia's* Power, divinely Great"); C8ᵛ, announcement of poems printed for Hills; A1ʳ, sectional title:—PASTORALS, | BY | Mr. Philips. | [Line]. | *Nostra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.* | Virg. Ecl. 6. | [Line] | [Orn.] | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, | near the Water-side. 1710. | (Price Two-pence.) |; A1ᵛ, preface; A2ʳ—B4ᵛ, the text.

This copy is in the possession of Dr. H. G. de Maar; parts of it have been mounted, and it is therefore difficult to describe it with certainty. The remainder of Hills's 1708 *Cyder &c.* (*v.* § VI. 1) and 1709 *Bleinheim* (*v.* § II. 4) seem to have been used up in this composite 1714 volume. The pagination is irregular; the *Life* ends on p. 33 and the first page of the *Ode* is numbered as 43. The reproduction of the Westminster monument, which is paged 342, is apparently, as in β, a sheet from *The Antiquities of St. Peters, or the Abbey Church of Westminster*, 1711.

β. No general title.

8°; signn., one leaf, A-F4; 25 leaves.

A1ʳ, half-title:—[Band of ornament] | THE | LIFE | OF | Mr. *John Philips*. | [Band of ornament] |; A1ᵛ, announcement of Lives published by Curll; Reproduction of Westminster monument, one leaf; A2ʳ, title to *Life*:— | THE | LIFE | AND | CHARACTER | OF | Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS*. | AUTHOR of the | *Splendid Shilling*, *Bleinheim*, *Cyder*, &c. | [Line] | *LONDON*: | Printed for *E. Curll*, at the *Dial* and *Bible*, against | St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street*, 1712. | Price One Shilling. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.] | ; A2ᵛ, blank; A3ʳ-E3ʳ, the text; E3ᵛ, blank; E4ʳ,ᵛ, announcement of books printed for Curll; F1ʳ, title to *Ode*:—ODE, | AD | *Henricum St. John*, Armig. | [Orn.] | [Double ll.] | *LONDINI*: | Impensis E. CURLL. M.DCC.XIII. | ; F1ᵛ, blank; F2ʳ-F4ᵛ, the text.

The pagination is irregular, as in α described above. This copy is in the library at Lambeth Palace (Cornwallis 110 A 9).

γ. THE | WORKS | OF | Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS*. | *VIZ.* | I. The *Splendid Shilling*; in Imitation of | MILTON. | II. BLENHEIM, a Poem. Inscrib'd to the | Right Honourable *Robert Harley*, Esq; | III. CYDER, a Poem. In Two Books. | IV. ODE, ad *Henricum St. John*, Armig. | To which is prefix'd, | His LIFE and CHARACTER. | [Line] | *London*: | Printed, and Sold by *E. Curll*, at the *Dial* and

Bible, | against St. *Dunstan*'s Church in *Fleet-street*, 1712. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]

8°; signn. A-F⁴ (A1 and E4 not seen); one leaf; A⁸; A-C⁸; 55 leaves. The odd leaf is doubtless [E⁴], with sig. F⁴ interposed.

A2ʳ, title, as above; A3ʳ-E3ʳ, text of *Life*; F1ʳ, sectional title:—ODE, | AD | *Henricum St. John*, Armig. | [Orn.] | [Double ll.] | *LONDINI:* | Impensis E. CURLL. | M.DCC.XIII. | F2ʳ-F4ᵛ, the text; one leaf, announcements of Curll's publications; A1ʳ, sectional title:—B l e i n h e i m, | A | POEM. | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | *ROBERT HARLEY*, Esq; | Line | [Type orn.] | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Booksellers | of *London* and *Westminster*, 1709. | A2ʳ-A8ᵛ, the text; A1ʳ, sectional title:—CYDER. | A | POEM. | [Line.] | In TWO BOOKS. | [Line] | —*Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo?* Virg. | [Line] | WITH THE | SPLENDID SHILLING; PARADISE LOST, | And Two SONGS, *&c.* | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed and sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near | the Water-side, 1709. | A1ᵛ-C4ᵛ, the text; C5ʳ-C7ʳ, text of *The Splendid Shilling*; C7ʳ, TO A | LADY: | WITH | *Milton*'s Paradise Lost. ("See here how bright the First-born Virgin shone!"); C7ᵛ, A | SONG. ("What! put off with One Denial?"); C8ʳ, A | SONG. | *By Mr.* Cheek ("Bright *Cy*[*n*]*thia*'s Power, divinely Great"); C8ᵛ, announcement of poems printed for Hills.

This copy is in the possession of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith. As in Dr. de Maar's copy, remainders of Hills's 1708 *Cyder, &c.*, and 1709 *Bleinheim* have been used up in this publication.[1]

4. POEMS | BY | Mr. *John Philips*, | Late of | *Christ-*

[1] Since this note was passed for press Mr. Brett-Smith has acquired a complete copy of the 1712 *Works*, which includes a half-title and a frontispiece. The copy belonged to Narcissus Luttrell. It cost him 10*d.* and he bought it on 14 Januar. 171⅔. (These details are added to the printed date.) The frontispiece is a medallion portrait of Philips in an oval frame forming the top of a monument.

Church, Oxon. | To which is prefix'd | His LIFE. | [Orn.] | *LONDON:* | Printed in the Year MDCCXV. | Price 1*s.* | 12°; signn. [2 leaves], A-C^{6}, A-B^{6}, C^{2}, D^{6} [D1 and D6 not seen].

First leaf, portrait; second leaf, general title; A1^{r}, sectional title:—THE | LIFE | AND | CHARACTER | OF | Mr. *John Philips.* | [Line] | Written by Mr. *SEWELL.* | [Line] | The Second Edition. | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed for *E. Curll,* at the *Dial* and *Bible,* | against S. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street.* | MDCCXV. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.] | ; A2-C6, the text; A1^{r}, sectional title:—*The Splendid Shilling.* | [Line] | AN | IMITATION | OF | MILTON. | [Line] | By Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. | [Line] | The Second Correct Edition. | [Line] | - - - *Sing, Heav'nly Muse,* | *Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,* | *A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.* | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed for *Henry Clements* at the *Half-* | *Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. | MDCCXV. | ; A2-A4, the text; A5^{r}, sectional title:—*BLEINHEIM:* | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable *Robert Harley,* Esq; | [Line] | By Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. | [Line] | The Fourth Edition. | [Line] | *LONDON:* | Printed for *Henry Clements* at the *Half-* | *Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. | MDCCXV. | ; A6-C2, the text; D2^{r}, sectional title:—ODE, | AD | *Henricum S. John,* Armig. | [Line] | [Orn.] | [Line] | EDITIO TERTIA. | [Line] | *LONDINI:* | Impensis E. CURLL. MDCCXV. | ; D3-D5, the text.

5. SPLENDID SHILLING & BLEINHEIM

No general title.

12°; signn. A-B^{6}, C^{2}; pp. 28.

A1^{r}, sectional title:—THE | *Splendid Shilling.* | [Band of orn.] | AN | IMITATION | OF | *MILTON.* | [Band of orn.] | By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. | [Band of orn.] | The Third Correct Edition. | [Band of orn.] | —*Sing, Heavenly*

Muse, | *Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,* | *A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.* | [Band of orn.] | | [Type Orn.] | LONDON: | Printed by *G. J.* for HEN. CLEMENTS | at the *Half-Moon* in S. *Paul*'s Church-Yard. 1719. | ; pp. 3–8, the text. $A5^r$, sectional title:—*BLEINHEIM:* | [Band of orn.] | A | POEM, | Inscribed to the R^t Hon^{ble} *Rob*^{t} *Harley* Esq; | [Band of orn.] | By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. | [Band of orn.] | The Fifth Edition. | [Band of orn.] | [Publisher's device.] | LONDON: Printed by *G. J.* for HEN. CLEMENTS | at the *Half-Moon* in S. *Paul*'s Church-Yard. 1719. | ; pp. 11–28, the text.

6. The Whole | WORKS | OF | Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS,* | Late *Student of Christ-Church, Oxon.* | *VIZ.* | I. The SPLENDID SHILLING: An | Imitation of *MILTON.* | II. BLENHEIM: A Poem, inscrib'd to | the R^t Honourable *Robert Harley,* Esq; | III. CYDER: A Poem. In Two Books. | IV. *ODE ad* Henricum St. John, *Armig'.* | V. The same Translated by Mr. *New-* | *comb.* | To which is prefixed his LIFE, | By Mr. *SEWELL.* | [Line] | [Orn.] | [Line] | *LOLDON: [sic]* | Printed for *J. Tonson* in the *Strand,* and *T. Jauncy* at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar.* | [Line] | M.DCC.XX.

8°; signn. portrait (one leaf), general title (one leaf), a-e^4, B-C^4, C-G^4, H^2, frontispiece to *Cyder* (one leaf), title to *Cyder* (one leaf), B-F^8, G^4, H^2, 100 leaves.

First leaf, portrait; second leaf, general title, as above; a1-e4; *Life;* B1, sectional half-title:— [Band of orn.] | AN | ODE | TO | *Henry St. John,* Esq; | IN | LATIN and ENGLISH. | [Band of orn.] B2, introductory letter; $B2^v$-$C4^r$, text of Ode with translation opposite; $C1^r$, sectional half-title:—[Band of orn.] | *The Splendid Shilling.* | [Line] | AN | IMITATION | OF | MILTON. | [Line] | By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. | [Line] | The Fourth Correct Edition. | [Line] - - - *Sing, heav'nly Muse,* | *Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,* | *A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's*

dire. | [Band of orn.] | ; C2r-D2v, the text; D3r, sectional half-title:—[Band of orn.] | *BLEINHEIM:* | A | POEM, | Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable | Robert Harley, *Esq*; | [Line] | By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. | [Line]. | The Sixth Edition. | [Line] | [Band of orn.] | ; D4-H2, the text; frontispiece to *Cyder*; sectional title:—CYDER. | A | POEM. | In TWO BOOKS. | [Line]. | — *Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo?* Virg. | [Line]. | *LONDON*: | Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn* | Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1708. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.]; | B1r, sectional half-title:—[Line] | CYDER. | A | POEM. | [Line]; B2r-H2r, the text.

7. POEMS | ON | Several OCCASIONS. | [Line]. | By Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS*, late | *Student* of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* | [Line]. | The THIRD EDITION. | [Line]. | [Orn.] | [Line] | *LONDON*: | Printed for J. TONSON, E. CURLL, and T. JAUNCY. M.DCC.XX. | [Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.] |

12°; signn. A-C6, C6, A-B6, A-F6 (C3 mispr. as D3 and D3 without signature); 72 leaves.

A1r, sectional title:—THE | LIFE | AND | CHARACTER | OF | Mr. *John Philips.* | [Line] | By Mr. SEWELL. | [Line] | The THIRD EDITION. | [Line]. | *LONDON.* | Printed for E. CURLL, next the | *Temple Coffee-house*, in *Fleet-Street*, | MDCCXX. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.] | A2r–B6v, the text; C1r, title, as above; C2-C6, *Ode to Henry St. John*, followed by translation; A1r–A3v, *The Splendid Shilling*; A4r–B6r, *Bleinheim*; B6v, blank; A1v, frontispiece to *Cyder*; A2r, half-title; A3r, sectional title:—CYDER. | A POEM. | In TWO BOOKS. | [Line]. |—*Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo?* Virg. | [Line] *LONDON*: Printed for *J. T.* and Sold by *Thomas* | *Jauncy* at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar.* | M DCC XX. | [The whole enclosed in double ll.] | A3v, blank; A4–F6, the text; F6v, list of Jauncy's publications.[1]

[1] I have seen two copies of this volume. In one of them *The Splendid Shilling* and *Bleinheim* seem to be remainders of the 1719 volume described above.

THE POEMS OF JOHN PHILIPS

The Splendid Shilling.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON.

Now Firſt Correctly Publiſh'd.

——*Sing, Heavenly Muſe,*
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's Dire.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Bennet,* at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705.

A = *A Collection of Poems*, Brown and Tooke, March 1701.
B = *A New Miscellany*, Buck and Strahan, July 1701.
C = Bragg's folio edition, January 1704/5.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A *Splendid Shilling:* He nor hears with Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper*'s, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,
Chloe, or *Phillis;* he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff

6. *Juniper*'s, *Magpye*] *Juniper*'s, or *Magpye*, A, C. *Juniper*'s, or *Magpy*'s, B.

(Wretched Repast !) my meagre Corps sustain :
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers ; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent :
Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in Romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Eclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my joyless Minutes tedious flow
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible Monster ! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel ascends ;
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls ; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? amaz'd,

20. Winter-Chimney] Winter's Chimney, A, C. Winters Chimney, B.
21. Scent] Smoak, A, B, C.
24. *Arthur*, Kings] *Arthur*, ancient Kings, A, B, C.
26. barren] fruitless, A, B, C.
29. Wares] Ware, B.
31. Eclip'd *Brechinia*] Hight *Morgannumia*, A. Hight *Morgannumia*, B. High *Morgannumia*, C.
35. Minutes] Hours, A, C. hours B.
35. tedious flow] I lingring spend, A, B. I ling'ring Spend, C.

Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
Of Woodhole ; strait my bristling Hairs erect
Thrô sudden Fear ; a chilly Sweat bedews
My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech ;
So horrible he seems ! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Conic* Beard,
And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Disastrous Acts forebode ; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd
Grievous to mortal Eyes ; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men !) behind him stalks
Another Monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance strict detain him, 'till in form
Of Mony, *Pallas* sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious Ken
This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)

45, 46. *omitted*, A, B, C.
50. Saints] Saint, A, C.
54. Eyes] Eye, A, C.
55. stalks] stands, B.
57. Sullen of Aspect] Of Aspect sullen, A, C. Of aspect sullen, B.
66. strict] vile, A, B, C.
67. sets] set, A, C.
71. Nook] Creek, A, C. creak, B.

Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye,
Lyes nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin spreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret stands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Useless Resistance make: With eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repel benumming Frosts,
With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
Me Lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,

76. gap] Pass, B.
79. *Arachne*] The *Spider*, A. The Spider, B, C.
84. Shapes] shape, B.
87. Snares] snare, B.
99. loving] lovely, A, B.
102. sometimes] wakeling, B.

Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree :
Mean while I Labour with eternal Drought,
And restless Wish, and Rave ; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose :
But if a Slumber haply does Invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and Eager in a Dream,
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale ;
In Vain ; awake, I find the settled Thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions Great ! yet Greater still remain :
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue !)
An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide, Discontinuous ; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thrô th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,

107. and Rave] in vain, A, B, C.

111. Longing for Drink, and eager in my { Dream, A, C. / dream, B.

113. In Vain] *omitted, no substitute*, A, C. Awake, I find the settled thirst remains, B.

Admits the Sea ; in at the gaping Side
The crouding Waves Gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming ; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray :
(Vain Efforts !) still the battering Waves rush in
Implacable, 'till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

FINIS.

BLEINHEIM,

A

POEM,

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Eſq;

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705.

A1 = Bennet's first folio edition (or proof sheet), February 1705.
A2 = Bennet's folio edition, with list of errata appended, 1705.
B = Bennet's second folio edition, 1705.

BLEINHEIM,

A

POEM.

FRom low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse
Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of *Britain*'s Heroe ; may the Verse not sink
Beneath his Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (thô thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, thô Mighty *ANNE* requires
Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing Genius to the Muses Seat :
Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

LOng had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
As erst *Sesostris*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,
(Base Servitude !) and his dethron'd Compeers

Lasht furious ; they in sullen Majesty
Drew the uneasie Load.) Nor less he aim'd
At Universal Sway : For *WILLIAM*'s Arm
Could naught avail, however fam'd in War ;
Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
To curb his Pow'r enormous ; like an Oak,
That stands secure, thô all the Winds employ
Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores :
So stood he, and Alone ; Alone defy'd
The *Europæan* Thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
Thee, CHURCHILL, to direct in nice Extreams
Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristin Worth
The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,
And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
Portend Distempers ; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight
Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
Of *Henry*'s Arms arriv'd ; such Strength of Heart
Thy Conduct, and Example gives ; nor small
Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wise, and Just,
Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
The Best of Queens :) He, of the Royal Store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure
The Soldiers Ease ; to Regions far remote
His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wisht Approach
The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,
With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
New animated rouse ; not more rejoice
The miserable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
The long incumbent Gloom ; gladly to thee
Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,
Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
In Military Honour next, althô
His deadly Hand shook the *Turchestan* Throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
Victorious ; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
Won from th' encroaching Sea : That Sword Great *ANNE*
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant Side,
When Thee Sh' enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
Illustrating the Noble List ; Her Hand
Assures good Omens, and Saint *George*'s worth
Enkindles like Desire of high Exploits.
Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
Rowl in thy eager Mind ; thy Plumy Crest
Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the Fight.
What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope
From thy Atchievements ! yet thou hast surpast
Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
Could fear, or fancy ; they, in Multitude
Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain
Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
Jovial his Mate bespoke ; O Friend, observe,
How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War

The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant Force ; how will their Bodies stript
Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures sate
Their Maws with full Repast ! Another, warm'd
With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms ! or if This Hand
Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd ! no trivial Price
Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
To lead Him shackl'd, and exposed to Scorn
Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton*'s boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces exprest ; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain ; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons ?* why
Decline the War ? shall a Morass forbid
Your easie March ? Advance ; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious Lion to his Folds ! that Boast
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once
Resplendent came, with stretch't Retinue girt,
And pompous Pageantry ; O Hapless Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd !

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false
Of Cowardice ; the Military Mound
The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour

106. exposed] expose, A1, A2, B.

For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
Decisive of this bloody Day depends
The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence
The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field!
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
Presumptuous comes: Here CHURCHILL, not so prompt
To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
With EUGENE's *German* Force. Now from each Van
The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
Of Smoak sulphureous; intermix't with these
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
Surprizing Slaughter; on each side they fly
By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow
Th' ensanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd
Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
Disploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout

With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted Riders ; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thrô each Army Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd ; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lye clotted ; lifeless Some : With Anguish These
Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard ; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
None of Retreat : As when two adverse Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage ;
Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.
So they, incens'd : 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm ; with speed
Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
Rowling in Death : Destruction, grim with Blood,
Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some Engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way
Beneath His Courser ; round His Sacred Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He

With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows
Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware
Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; This Day of all his Honours gain'd
Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
To bite the Ground unnoted. - - - - Swift, and Fierce
As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
The yielding Wing; in *Gallic* Blood again
He dews His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes*'s Son,
For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him sore
With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
The *French* astony'd; straight Their Thirst of Blood
They quit, and in ignoble Flight confide,
Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return
The hideous Noise. What can They do? or how
Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword? or where
Find Shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with Wrath
Resistless, th' Eager *English* Champions Press,
Chastising tardy Flight; before them rowls
His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep
Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,
New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They saw
Themselves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,

213, 214. The *French* astony'd; straight Their useless Arms
They quit, and in Their swift Retreat confide,
A1, A2, B.

Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
On the firm Land ; the Rest discomfited,
And pusht by MARLEBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood :
Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
That swell'd the *Erythræan* Wave, when Wall'd
The Unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
Observant of the Great Command. Upborn
By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore ;
Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outragious Fluent : In this Distress,
Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew
Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
Sustain ; vain Love, thô laudable ! absorpt
By a fierce Eddy, They together sound
The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil : Surcharg'd,
And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks
The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide ;
Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.
So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Brasilian* Stream ; Her Tail
Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,
A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirles ; th' unweeting Prey
Entwisted roars, th' Affrighted Flood rebounds.

235. Upborn] Upbore, A1, A2, B.
259. th' Affrighted Flood] the parted Wave, A1, A2, B.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many felt
In the moist Element a scorching Death,
Pierc'd sinking ; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' Swift-footed Son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd
The straggling *Trojans :* Nor less Eager drove
Victorious CHURCHILL His desponding Foes
Into the deep Immense, that many a League
Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harrast Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Host disparted ; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd ;
He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race !) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,
Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend
Unnumber'd ; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and Drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not so the New Inhabitants ; They roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance ; when lo ! They see,
Thrô the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd

ANNA's late Conquests ; One, to Empire Born,
Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unspeakable ; Thou, His Associate Dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
Shouldst CHURCHILL be ! But Heav'n severe cut short
Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
Gifts so Important ! Them the *Gallic* Shades
Surveying, read in either radiant Look
Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
Delighted ; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
And Corresponding Features Fair ; to Them
Confusion ! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,
With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Persuit ;
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse ; the sadly-pleasing Theme
Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and Re-ascend
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
Hark, how the Canon, inoffensive Now,
Gives Signs of Gratulation ; struggling Crouds
From ev'ry City flow ; with ardent Gaze
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
Insatiate ; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
How *Prussia*'s King transported Entertains
His Mighty Guest ; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.
See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
His Great Deliverer ; and courts t' accept

Of Titles, with superior Modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair, and Fear
Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once
Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau*'s Harp
Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Consort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averse
To Right, and Insincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly Composure offer'd? or well weigh,
With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymæan* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
Of Counsel rash, new Measures he persues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees
Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.
Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thrô Thy Default,
Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,

Thô Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd ;
Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
The Desart wide ; with oft retorted Eye
They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss
Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
As Partial, and too Rigorous ; nor find
Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion !* from the World disjoin'd
By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace !
Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
Thy Welfare ; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gift
Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife ;
From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian ;* Havoc dire ensues,
And wild Uproar : The Natives, dubious whom
They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore ; what Sighs and Tears

Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curse
His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when the Cruel Battle mows
The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Battailous Array, while *Volga*'s Stream
Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd
With such sad Privilege, submiss Obey
Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,
Not Thraldom, in fit Liberty secure.
From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
Thou *ANNA* Rulest, Prudent to promote
Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less
Of *Europe*'s Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st Thy CHURCHILL go,
Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
Of Haughty LOUIS, unconfin'd; He goes
Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge
To ROOK, that He should let that Monarch know,
The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t' assert
Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
The *Gallic* Navies, impotent to bear
His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
The New-born Age ; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves !
Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues and Oaths ; this Thy peculiar Praise
Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious ; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subduest Regions ; Generous to Raise
The Suppliant Knee, and Cure the Rebel Neck.
The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage ; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroil'd ; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous ; Say Who
Shall weild th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
By Thy Decree ; the trembling Lands shall hear
Thy Voice Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice ; Jealousies and Fears,

And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
Amongst the Enemies of Truth ; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning ! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head ; ye Happy Days,
By HER restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on HER Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves ;
(Sweet Solitude !) where warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of SAINT JOHN, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt ; while He intent
(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To String His Charming Shell ; But when Return'd
Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
Then shall His CHURCHILL in Sublimer Verse
For Ever Triumph ; latest Times shall learn
From Such a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

FINIS.

CEREALIA:

AN IMITATION OF MILTON:

Per Ambages, Deorumque Miniſteria
Præcipitandus eſt liber Spiritus.
Petronius.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in *St. Paul's* Church-yard. 1706.

CEREALIA:

AN

IMITATION

OF

MILTON.

OF English *Tipple,* and the potent Grain,
Which in the Conclave of Celestial Pow'rs
Bred fell Debate, Sing Nymph of heav'nly Stem
Who on the hoary Top of *Pen-main-maur*
MERLIN the Seer didst visit, whilst he sate
With Astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young Actions issuing from the Fates *Divan.*
Full of thy Pow'r infus'd by Nappy ALE,
Darkling He watch'd the Planetary Orbs,
In their obscure Sojourn o'er Heav'ns high Cope.
Nor ceas'd till the gray Dawn with orient Dew
Impearl'd his large Mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
Beneath his overshadowing Orb of Hat,

And ample Fence of Elephantin Nose.
Scornful of keenest Polar Winds, or Sleet,
Or Hail, sent ratling down from wintry Jove.
(Vain Efforts on his sev'n-fold Mantle, made
Of *Caledonian* Rug, Immortal Woof !)
Such Energy of Soul to raise the Song,
Daign, Goddess, now to Me nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding Pow'r, but guide my Wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar Flight.

NOW from th' Ensanguin'd *Ister*'s reeking Flood
Tardy with many a Corse of Boian Knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with Barbed Steeds
Promiscuous, *Fame* to high *Olympus* flew,
Shearing th' Expanse of Heav'n with active Plume ;
Nor swifter from *Plinlimon*'s steepy Top
The staunch *Gerfaulcon* thro' the Buxom Air
Stoops on the Steerage of his Wings, to Truss
The Quarry, Hern, or Mallard, newly sprung
From Creek, whence bright *Sabrina* Bubling forth,
Runs fast a Nais thro' the Flow'ry Meads,
To spread round *Uriconium*'s Tow'rs, her Streams.
Her Golden Trump the Goddess sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling Clang reach'd Heav'n's extremest Sphear.
Rouz'd at the Blast, the Gods with winged speed
To learn the Tidings came, on radiant Thrones
With fair Memorials, and Impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they sate, deviz'd of old
By *Mulciber*, nor small his Skill I ween.
There *SHE* relates what *CHURCHILL*'s Arm had wrought,
On *Blenheim*'s bloody Plain. Up *Bacchus* rose,
By his plump Cheek and Barrel Belly known.
The pliant Tendrils of a Juicy Vine
Around his rosie Brow in Ringlets curl'd ;
And in his Hand a Bunch of Grapes he held,

The Ensigns of the God! with ardent Tone
He mov'd, that straight the Nectar Bowl shou'd flow,
Devote to *CHURCHILL*'s Health, and o'er all Heav'n
Uncommon Orgies shou'd be kept till Eeve,
Till all were Sated with immortal Moust,
Delicious *Tipple!* that in heav'nly Veins
Assimilated, vig'rous *ICHOR* bred.
Superiour to *Frontiniac*, or *Bourdeaux*,
Or old *Falern*, *Campania*'s best Increase.
Or the more Dulcet Juice the happy Isles
From *Palma*, or *Forteventura* send.

Joy flush'd on ev'ry Face, and pleasing Glee
Inward Assent discover'd, till up rose
CERES, not blithe, for Marks of Latent Woe
Dim on her Visage Lowr'd: such her Deport
When *Arethusa* from her Reedy Bed,
Told her how *Dis* young *Proserpine* had rap'd,
To sway his Iron Sceptre, and command
In Gloom *Tartareous*, Half his wide Domain.
Then sighing thus she said ---- Have I so long
Employ'd my various Art t' enrich the Lap
Of Earth All-bearing Mother, and my Lore
Communicated to th' unweeting Hind,
And shall not This Preeminence obtain?
Then from beneath her *Tyrian* Vest she took
The bearded Ears of Grain she most Admird,
Which Gods call *Crithe*, in Terrestrial speech
Eycleeped *BARLEY*. 'Tis to this, she cry'd,
The *British Cohorts* owe their Martial Fame
And far Redoubted Prowess, matchless Youth!
This, when returning from the foughten Field,
Or *Noric*, or *Iberian*, seam'd with Scars,
(Sad Signatures of many a dreadful Gash!)
The Veteran, Carowsing soon restores,
Puissance to his Arm, and strings his Nerves!

And as a Snake, when first the Rosie Hours
Shed Vernal Sweets o'er ev'ry Vale and Mead,
Rowls tardy from his Cell obscure, and dank,
But when by Genial Rays of *Summer Sun*
Purg'd of his Slough, he nimbler Thrids the Brake.
Whetting his Sting, his Crested Head he Rears
Terrific, from each Eye retort he shoots
Ensanguin'd Rays, the distant Swains admire
His various Neck, and Spires bedropt with Gold.
So at each Glass the harrast Warriour feels
Vigour renate, his horrent Arms he takes,
And Rusting Fauchion, on whose ample Hilt
Long *Victory* sate dormant: soon she shakes
Her drowsie Wings, and follows to the War
With speed succinct, where soon his Martial Port
She Recognizes whilst he Haughty stands
On the rough Edge of Battel, and bestows
Wide Torment on the Serried Files so us'd,
Frequent in bold Emprise, to work sad Rout,
And Havoc dire; these the bold *Briton* mows,
Dauntless as Deities exempt from Fate,
Ardent to deck his Brow with mural Gold,
Or Civic Wreath of Oak, the Victor's Meed.
Such is the Pow'r of *ALE* with Vines embowr'd,
While dangling Bunches court his thirsting Lip,
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft Extols
The Beverage they Quaff, whose happy *Soil*
Prolific *Dovus* laves, or *Trenta*'s Urn
Adorns with waving *Crithe*, (joyous Scenes
Of vegetable Gold!) Secure they dwell
Nor feel th' Eternal Snows that Cloath their Cliffs:
Nor curse th' inclement Air, whose horrid Face
Scowls like that Arctic Heav'n, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual Winter on the frozen Skirts
Of *Scandinavia*, and the *Baltic* Main,
Where the young Tempests first are taught to roar.

Snug in their Straw-built Hutts, or darkling Earth'd
In Cavern'd Rock they live (small need of Art
To form spruce Architrave, or Cornice quaint
On *Parian* Marble with *Corinthian* Grace
Prepar'd) there on well-fuel'd Hearth they Chat,
Whilst black Pots walk the Round with laughing *ALE*
Surcharg'd ; or Brew'd in Planetary Hour,
When *March* weigh'd Night and Day in equal Scale :
Or in *October* Tunn'd, and Mellow grown
With sev'n Revolving Suns, the Racy Juice
Strong with delicious Flavour, strikes the Sense !
Nor wants on vast Circumference of Board,
Of *Arthur*'s imitative, large Surloin
Of Ox, or Virgin-Heifer, wont to Browse
The Meads of *Longovicum* (fatt'ning Soil !
Replete with Clover-Grass, and foodful Shrub.)
Planted with Sprigs of Rosemary it stands,
Meet *Paragon* (as far as Great with Small
May correspond) for some *Panchæan* Hill,
Imbrown'd with sult'ry Skies, Thin set with Palm,
And Olive rarely interspers'd, whose Shade
Skreens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The Quiver'd *Arabs* vagrant Clan, that waits
Insidious some rich Caravan, which Fares
To *Mecca*, with *Barbaric* Gold full fraught.

Thus *Britain*'s Hardy Sons, of Rustic Mould,
Patient of Arms, still Quash th' Aspiring *Gaul*,
Blest by my Boon : which when they slightly Prize,
Shou'd they with high Defence of Triple Brass
Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was try'd
By *BACON*'s Charms on which the sick'ning Moon
Look'd Wan, and Cheerless Mew'd her Crescent Horns

131. *The spacing of Nichols's* Select Collection of Poems, Vol. iv, 1780, p. 278, *has been adopted in preference to that of the* 1706 *folio edition, which begins a new paragraph at this line.*

Whilst *Demogorgon* hear'd his stern Behest)
Thrice the prevailing Pow'r of *GALLIA*'s Arms
Shou'd there resistless Ravage, as of Old
Great *Pharamond*, the Founder of her Fame,
Was wont, when first his Marshal'd Peerage pass'd
The Subject *Rhene*. What, tho' *Britannia* Boasts
Her self a World, with Ocean Circumfus'd ?
'Tis *ALE* that warms her Sons t' assert her Claim,
And with full Volley makes her Naval Tubes
Thunder disastrous Doom t' opponent Pow'rs !

Nor potent only to enkindle *Mars*,
And Fire with Knightly Prowess Recreant Souls :
It Science can Encourage, and Excite
The Mind to Ditties blithe, and charming Song.
Thou, *Pallas*, to my Speech just Witness bear :
How oft hast thou thy Votaries beheld
At *Crambo* merry met, and Hymning shrill
With Voice Harmonic each, whilst others Frisk
In Mazy Dance, or *Cestrian* Gambols shew,
Elate with mighty Joy, when to the Brim
Critheian Nectar Crown'd the Lordly Bowl.
(Equal to *Nestor*'s pond'rous Cup, which ask'd
A Heroe's Arm to mount it on the Board,
E'er he th' Embattail'd *Pylians* led, to Quell
The Prime of *Dardan* Youth in Hosting dire.)
Or if, with Front unblest, came Tow'ring in
PROCTOR Armipotent, in stern Deport
Resembling Turban'd *Turk*, when high he wields
His *Scimeter* with huge Two-handed Sway.
Alarm'd with threat'ning Accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd Sound the Bird of Night
With Beak uncomely bent, from Dodder'd Oak
Screams out, the sick Man's Trump of doleful Doom :
Thy jocund Sons Confront the horrid Van,
That Crowds his *Gonfalon* of sev'n-foot Size :

And with their Ruby'd Faces stand the Foe;
Whilst they of sober Guise contrive Retreat,
And run with Ears erect; as the tall Stag
Unharbour'd by the Wood-Man quits his Layre,
And flies the Yerning Pack which close pursue
So they not Bowsie dread th' approaching Foe:
They Run, they Fly, till flying on Obscure,
Night-founder'd in Town-Ditches stagnant Gurge,
SOPH Rowls on *SOPH* Promiscuous - - Caps a loof
Quadrate and Circular confus'dly fly,
The Sport of fierce *Norwegian* Tempests, tost
By *Thrascias* Coadjutant, and the Roar
Of loud *Euroclydon*'s tumultuous Gusts.

She said, the *Sire* of Gods and Men Supreme,
With Aspect bland Attentive Audience gave,
Then Nodded Awful: from his shaken Locks
Ambrosial Fragrance flew: the Signal giv'n
By *Ganymede* the Skinker soon was Ken'd;
With *ALE* He Heav'n's Capacious Goblet Crown'd,
To *Phrygian* Mood *Apollo* Tun'd his Lyre,
The Muses Sang alternate, all Carows'd,
But *Bacchus* murm'ring left th' Assembl'd Pow'rs.

FINIS.

ODE,

AD

Henricum St. John, Armig.

LONDINI:
Impensis E. Curll. M.DCC.XIII.

NOTE: *The text of the* Ode to Henry St. John *which follows is that of the* 1707 *folio edition* (v. *Bibliographical Note*) *; but this first edition had no title-page. The title-page of the second edition is here reproduced.*

Honoratissimo Viro,

Henrico St.--John,

ARMIGERO.

ODE.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus Herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, & suave olentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos ;

Qui, solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii, pretiúmque, Soles :

Ecquid reponam muneris, omnium
Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
Explicuit Venusinus alas :

Solers modorum, seu Puerum trucem
Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas
Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera lætitiámque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum ; sed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O ! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera
Gratus recordor, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum ! & ipse Musæ
Cultor, & usque colende Musis !

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
Tussis agens sine more pectus,

Altè petito quassat anhelitu ;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, Tuæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus Uvæ.

Hanc sumo, parcis & Tibi poculis
Libo salutem ; quin precor, Optima
Ut usque Conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore

Te consulentem Militiæ super
Rebus Togatum. Macte ! Tori decus
Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo !

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
Ornat ! labellis cui Venus insidet !
Tu sorte felix ; me *Maria*
Macerat (ah miserum !) videndo :

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

Hanc, ulla mentis spes mihi mutuæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die, vigil
Suspiro ; nec jam Vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

50. Ornat ! labellis.] *1st* ed., *fo.*, 1707 (*some copies*) : *also* Musarum Anglicanarum analecta, 1717, *Vol.* iii, *pp.* 201–3, *and Johnson*, Prefaces . . . to the Works of the English Poets, 1779, *Vol.* iv, *p.* 15.]

O ! labellis.] *1st ed., fo.*, 1707 (*other copies*), and Musæ Britannicæ, 1711, p. 63.

O ! O ! labellis.] *2nd ed., 8vo*, 1713, *and subsequent eighteenth-century editions of Philips.*

CYDER.

A

POEM.

In TWO BOOKS.

——*Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo?* Virg.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1708.

CYDER.

BOOK I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchats, timeliest when to press the Fruits,
Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Layes; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, *O Mostyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become

As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;
Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,
Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath
Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show'rs
Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
The Orchats smile; joyous the Farmers see
Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
Rejoycing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.

Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome Draught.
But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
Grow wavy on the Tilth, that Soil select
For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners, thence with Store
Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.
Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
And *Sutton*-Acres, drench'd with Regal Blood
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
To treat of Spousals: Long connubial Joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of Hopes—Oh! hardest Fate, to fall
By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
Of *Marcley*-Hill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
Forsaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline
To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,

Fail not by frequent Vows t' implore Success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou'd be with-held;
If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,
Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy Toil; the sturdy Pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest Root
Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is useless made; nor is there Land,
But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
Sufficient; after them the Cackling Goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.
What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the cliffy Height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence
Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of Increase,
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
Besmear the Roots ; in vain ! the nurseling Grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster Earth :
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not ; little Pains,
In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
Th' Industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
A just Supply of alimental Streams,
Exhausted Sap recruiting ; else, false Hopes
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men
Perceive his Influence dire : sweltring they run
To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable : But if the Spring
Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,
Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
Then wo to Mortals ! *Titan* then exerts
His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys ;
Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face

Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
Of *Winchcomb*'s Name (next Thee in Blood, and Worth,
O fairest *St. John*!) left this toilsome World
In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year:
Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame
The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,
How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulft
By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
Victorious, this our Other World subdu'd,
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,
Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontroul'd, and free,
'Till all-subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and even 'till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art
A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd

Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands
Arose ; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse
Decreed her final Doom : For now the Fields
Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed
His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
Solstitial the green Herb : Hence 'gan relax
The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksom Caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded Roar
Of brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm
The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
Impregnable : Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow Cells ; and, their full Strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest Seat ; old *Vaga*'s Stream,
Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,
Crankling her Banks : And now the low'ring Sky,
And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismaid
The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
Distress'd ? Whence seek for Aid ? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs
Of Wrath and Desolation ? Vain were Vows,
And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect !
Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood,
Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells
Rend the dark Welkin ; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,

Despair, of abject Look: At ev'ry Gate
The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
Press furious, and, too eager of Escape,
Obstruct the easie Way; the rocking Town
Supplants their Footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine; when lo!
The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
Horrible Chasm, profound! with swift Descent
Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,
Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds
Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
Hurl'd high above the Clouds; 'till, all their Force
Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
Survives alone; nor is there found a Mark,
Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
And huge unweildy Bones, lasting Remains
Of that Gigantic Race; which, as he breaks
The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
She whilome stood; now *Ceres*, in her Prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd Labours to persue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
Love, and Aversion): Everlasting Hate
The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors
The *Coleworts* Rankness; but, with amorous Twine,
Clasps the tall *Elm*: the *Pæstan Rose* unfolds
Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,

(Crest of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence
The Price of her celestial Scent: The *Gourd*,
And thirsty *Cucumer*, when they perceive
Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly
Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting Contact; whilst the *Fig*
Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage*'s humble Leaf,
Close neighbouring: The *Herefordian* Plant
Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder*'s pithy Stem;
Uneasie, seated by funereal *Yeugh*,
Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
All generous Fruits), or near the bitter Dews
Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs.

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice should froth?
Respect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholsom Draught.
Let Art correct thy Breed; from Parent Bough
A Cyon meetly sever; after, force
A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
By Wedges, and within the living Wound
Enclose the Foster Twig; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
The binding Clay: Ee'r-long their differing Veins
Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
To the new Pupil; now he shoots his Arms
With quickest Growth; now shake the teeming Trunc,
Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
Whether the *Wilding*'s Fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist
It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks

Of *Cyder*-Plants finds Passage free, or else
The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the Cause,
This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes
Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thoul't find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
Admit the *Peache*'s odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn*'s Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro*'s Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,

How under Ground the rude *Riphæan* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild ;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis'* harshest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing ; when to lop
The flowing Branches ; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel : She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare ; by Her
The diff'rent Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions ; how with heavy Bulk
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the Wings of Air ; to Her we owe
The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times,
Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts ;
Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
It gently mitigates, Companion fit
Of Pleasantry, and Wine ; nor to the Bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
The Mite, invisible else, of Nature's Hand
Least Animal ; and shews, what Laws of Life
The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
Wonderful Artists ! But the hidden Ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know ? how first she frames
All things in Miniature ? thy Specular Orb
Apply to well-dissected Kernels ; lo !
Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
Unfolds its Boughs : observe the slender Threads
Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
In narrow Seeds describ'd ; Thou'lt wond'ring say,

An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.
Thus All things by Experience are display'd,
And Most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star
Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
Consume in Meditation deep, recluse
From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp
Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care
Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
To lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,
Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due
To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
In barren Twigs, and, for th' expected Crop,
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise
Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging Clusters thin
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
A slender Autumn; which the niggard Soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus'* Form
Avails but little ; rather guard each Row
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
Scud thro' the Air ; their Fancy represents
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
Destructive ; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout
The rooted Forest undermine : forthwith
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring slimy Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.
No Art averts this Pest ; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food ; tho' oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd : but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms ; let ev'ry Bough

Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle*'s viscous Juice;
They, by th' alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip
Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou maist forbid external Force,
Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay
The proper Relish vitiate: then the Grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital Core,
Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Ceaseless; mean while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,
He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects
Disrelisht; not with less Surprize, then when
Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
With Grain incentive stor'd, by suddain Blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
In firy Whirles; full of victorious Thoughts,
Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous*' Groves,
The Pride of the *Phæacian* Isle, from whence,
Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,

To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd :
The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley :* Be thou first
This Apple to transplant ; if to the Name
It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,
Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
With many a Furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid Age ; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
Quick-relishing : Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat
The *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head*'s weighty Orb,
Enormous in its Growth ; for various Use
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert ?

What, tho' the *Pear*-Tree rival not the Worth,
Of *Ariconian* Products ? yet her Freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
Adverse to Life ; the wintry Hurricanes
In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd
Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage.
Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
Thrice acceptable Bev'rage ! could but Art
Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona*'s self
Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.
Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,
Quaffing rich Liquids : Oh ! how sweet t' enjoy,
At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade !

But how with equal Numbers shall we match
The *Musk*'s surpassing Worth! that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies
The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!
Yet let her to the *Read-streak* yield, that once
Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore*'s skilful Hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
Taught her the savage Nature to forget:
Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whose Wine
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
The noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
The *Red-streak* as supream; whose pulpous Fruit
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,
Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.
Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain
All other Fields! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
And Thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits
Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,
And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.

What shou'd we wish for more ? or why, in quest
Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extreamest World ? Why tempt the Rage
Of the rough Ocean ? when our native Glebe
Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
The setting Sun near *Calpe*'s tow'ring Height.
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
For Sov'ranty ; *Phanæus* self must bow
To th' *Ariconian* Vales : And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
Will largest Usury repay, alone
Impower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires ?
The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
Give Spirit to the Grass ; three Cubits high
The jointed Herbage shoots ; th' unfallow'd Glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array !
Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain
Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
Transporting Prospect ! These, as modern Use
Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
Apples of Price, and plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
Oft interlac'd occurr, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,
So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound !
Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales

Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
Chews verd'rous Pasture; nor the yellow Fields
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety
Pleasing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
With copious Fuel; whence the sturdy Oak,
A Prince's Refuge once, th' æternal Guard
Of *England*'s Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
Their harden'd Iron; when our Mines produce
As perfect Martial Ore? Can *Tmolus*' Head
Vie with our Safron Odours? Or the Fleece
Bætic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
With *Lemster*'s silken Wool? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal
More prodigal of Life? In ancient Days,
The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæsar* found
Our Fathers no mean Foes: And *Cressy* Plains,
And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with Blood, confess
What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
Cou'd do in rigid Fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
Puissant Author of great *Chandois*' Stemm,
High *Chandois*, that transmits Paternal Worth,
Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
T' his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer!
That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self
Fresh blooming in Thy Generous Son; whose Lips,
Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win

In deepest Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* Shore,
Him hardy *Britons* bless; His faithful Hand
Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil*'s Line,
This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet she endures
Patient Thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice
Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
Of universal Knowledge still supplies
His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills
Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
To Human Virtues: By His Genius led,
Thou soon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh*'s Fame.

Hail high-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of Arts,
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley;* Thou, to whom with due
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort*'s spotless Fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights

Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet
Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna*'s secret Councils sits,
Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
Sollicitous of public Good? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Forms with transient Glance,
Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd
Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
To th' honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see
Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
A fair, and modest Virgin, that invites
With Aspect chast, forbidding loose Desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye
Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
Indelible a grateful Sense remain
Of Favours undeserv'd!——O Thou! from whom
Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise

Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns
Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
Freely vouchsaft, when to the Gates of Death
I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty Thoughts
Of Apples perish'd: But, uprais'd by Thee,
I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day
Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancell Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdy Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got Wealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes

Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd ; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape ;
Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
But (as a Child, whose inexperienc'd Age
Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.
When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race : Or else his Thoughts
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th' wholsome Rules
Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral Life ; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate.
Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
Large Subject ! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
And how t' improve his Grounds, and how himself:
Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
Of *Phœbus*, nor less fit *Mæonides*,
Poor eyeless Pilgrim! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast
Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
In foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse
By Fortune's Frowns. And had that Other Bard,
Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song
With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd!
But He—However, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O *Harcourt*, Whom th' ingenuous Love of Arts
Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, beyond
Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
In *Italy*'s waste Realms, how long must we
Lament Thy Absence ? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome* ; or what,
Unrival'd Authors by their Presence, made
For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil*'s Urn
Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs ;
Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
Of Wit, and Judgement ripe in blooming Years,
And *Britain*'s Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite
Thirst of Preeminence ; see ! how the Cause

Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.

Mean while (altho' the *Massic* Grape delights
Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject
Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
To sing of Wines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now
To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
Thus disappointed: If the former Years
Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
With tastless Water wash thy droughty Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
Subvert, or checque; uncertain all his Toil,
'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives

Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio*'s fragrant Nut,
And the *Pine*'s tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early Dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*!
Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks mattin Song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best Portion of the various Year, in which
Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works
Lovely, to full Perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Griefs disturb
Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
The blithsome Year: Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time; e'er hasty Suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
Of its rich Progeny; the turgid Fruit
Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort
Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
To the expected Grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
Excessive, and a flexile Sallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
Long e'er the Vintage; but with timely Care

Shave the Goat's shaggy Beard, least thou too late,
In vain should'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
Whose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains
Such servile Labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with Work, and Years,
Shall roll th' unweildy Stone; with sober Pace
He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
Declining, not unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous Mass, regale their Swine
With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise shalt steep
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
They drive, and sing of *Fusca*'s radiant Eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Not shalt thou now
Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
Of sickly Plants; new Vigor hence convey'd
Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
Such Profit springs from Husks discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,
Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn

The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
'Till the damp *Lybian* Wind, with Tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious Blasts,
The sightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
A costly Liquor, by improving Time
Equal'd with what the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance
In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
Of strengthning *Vulcan;* with their native Strength
Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
The tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear
Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
His Fields he tended with successless Care,
Early, and late, when, or unwish't for Rain

Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable Glebe; recording this,
Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon
Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
Each rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crusts surmount
The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
With Light unsully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Visit, and Abode
Of long Continuance on our temperate Clime,
Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times
Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* Ice
Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often see
Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
A moderate Wind ; the Orchat loves to wave
With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
Their feeble Heads ; the loosen'd Roots then drink
Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
Delicious Draughts ; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* Fruit
Are prest to Wines ; the *Britons* squeeze the Works
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew ;
Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush
Affords Assistance ; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams
Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads,
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
Permit to range the Pastures ; gladly they
Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Iërne*, whose most wholsome Air
Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
The baleful Toad, and Viper from her Shore!
More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, Sedulous, and Stout,
With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blissful Cups
Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
Far from the slopeing Journey of the Year,
Beyond *Petsora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?
Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades
Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,
Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
They interlard their native Drinks with choice
Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,
Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams

Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice*'s Spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrascias*' Gales,
Pining with *Æquinoctial* Heat, unless
The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
Quick circuiting ; nor dare they close their Eyes,
Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,
Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought !

More happy they, born in *Columbus*' World,
Carybbes, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant
With downy-sprouting Vests arrays ! Their Woods
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
Celestial Food, and Nectar ; then, at hand
The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink !)
They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
Intent on Laughter ; a continual Tide
Flows from th' exhilerating Fount. As, when
Against a secret Cliff, with soddain Shock
A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
Th' astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
With early-limpid Wine. The horded Store,
And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
Kind strengthning Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry Arch,
With listed Colours gay, *Or*, *Azure*, *Gules*,
Delights, and puzles the Beholder's Eye,
That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
Assum'd the Flavour; one sort counterfeits
The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne*; with that,
A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
Of close-prest Husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades:
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive
Præcipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient Vigour it attains,

Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflext ; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold :
So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glass thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red :
From hence a glowing Drop, with hollow'd Steel
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a surprising Cube, or Sphære,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every Liquid, with his plastic Lungs,
To human Life subservient ; By his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve ; the *Moyle*,
And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection : Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect : Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
The *Eliot*'s Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.

Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass
Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by inchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.
His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand
Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
Of his own Industry; the well fraught Bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
With quavering Laugh, and rural Jests resounds.
Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past
Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
She varies, and of past Imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds
Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his Home, with unsupplanted Feet.
E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the Rosie Dawn
Domestic Cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
Sweetly' interchang'd. The pining Lover finds

Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine ;
His Joys are short, and few ; yet when he drinks
His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
Courage, and Mirth : magnificent in Thought,
Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the Poet *Bacchus'* Praise indite,
Debarr'd his Grape : The Muses still require
Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring *Phœbus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
By parching Thirst allur'd : With vehement Suns
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign
To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,
Secur'd of fev'rish Heats ! When th' aged Year
Inclines, and *Boreas'* Spirit blusters frore,
Beware th' inclement Heav'ns ; now let thy Hearth
Crackle with juiceless Boughs ; thy lingring Blood
Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.
Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
To Annual Jollities ; now sportive Youth
Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy Swains
In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
Mixt with the Buxom Damsels ; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
Steal from unwary Lasses ; they with Scorn,
And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch

Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,
A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
Of future Harvest: When the *Gnossian* Crown
Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
Exhilerate their languid Minds, within
The Golden *Mean* confin'd: Beyond, there's naught
Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
Prompts to persue the sparkling Glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire Compotation, forthwith Reason quits
Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:
Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles clash
In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly

The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What shall we say
Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
T' exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
Imprudent? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep opprest,
Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall
Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds
Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,
Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
Yet craving Liquids: Nor the *Centaurs* Tale
Be here repeated; how with Lust, and Wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd
Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, signaliz'd
For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view

Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
Apostate, Atheist Rebells! bent to Ill,
With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
Abstain'd not from Imperial Bloud. O Fact
Unparallel'd! O *Charles*! O Best of Kings!
What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall
Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!
Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
Abhorr'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
Of Monarchy; but, ah! successless She
However faithful! then was no Regard
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once Happy, Land
By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair-revolving Years
Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She supports
Justice oppress'd; here, Her victorious Arms
Quell the Ambitious: From Her Hand alone
All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
Rejoice, O *Albion*! sever'd from the World

By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in One Supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond Desire
Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public Weal: For now
Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
With ruinous Assault; on every Plain
Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd
By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
Rais'd new Combustion: Thus was Peace in vain
Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:
'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
Of *Phœbus* Lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
Pacific Monarch; then her lovely Head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new strung
Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s Name.
Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye; the Years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury*'s hallow'd Plains!
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves

Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw
What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward*'s Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia*'s hostile Ground! his Right witheld,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *English*! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts! Eager of Fight,
Fierce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
Discomfited; persu'd, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Bloud
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her Tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins
New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
For Sov'ran Sway; (and can such Anger dwell
In noblest Minds?) but little now avail'd
The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as lead
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd

To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
Sons against Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,
Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and Peasants on th' embattled Field
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
Promiscuously amast: with dismal Groans,
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,
And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd
Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great Work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of *Tudor*'s Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,
Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Bloud;
But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus*' Line
By wise Alliance; from Thee *James* descends,
Heav'ns chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic* King.
To him alone, Hereditary Right
Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd
Of Discontent; two Nations under One,
In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'd
Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,

Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said
LET THERE BE UNION; strait with Reverence due
To Her Command, they willingly unite,
One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,
To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
What shall retard the *Britons'* bold Designs,
Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
Of all this Globe? At this important Act
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
Dreads War from utmost *Thule*; uncontrol'd
The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross, t' extreamest Climes
Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus'* Wealth,
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains
Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows
From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.
The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
The Natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona*'s Wrath
In other Realms; where-e'er the *British* spread
Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
Wide Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

THE END.

NOTES

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

6. *To* Juniper's, Magpye, *or* Town-Hall *repairs:* Juniper would seem to be a nickname for some landlord; juniper was the slang for gin. No such surname appears, however, in the records of licences[1] granted about 1700. *The Magpye* still stands in Oxford as 5 Grove Street, then Magpie Lane. Its patrons apparently knew it by a variant form of the word (*v.* William King's "Joan of Hedington," *Works*, 1776, III, p. 18—where it is said of Mother Harris:

> She from the Maggoty Pie away was sent,
> Because she had not trade to pay her rent).

Town-Hall I have not been able to identify.

10. *equal Love:* Terence has "pars æqua amoris," *Eunuch.* I. ii.
15. *Tiff:* weak liquor, "tipple."
29. *th'* Arvonian *Mart:* Arvona = Carnarvon.
30, 31. *Or* Maridunum, *or the ancient Town Eclip'd* Brechinia: *Maridunum*, Carmarthen; *Brechinia*, Brecon; *Vaga*, the Wye.
32. Ariconium: *v.* note to *Cyder*, Bk. I, ll. 7, 179.
121. Galligaskins: loose trousers.
127. *that congeals the* Cronian *Waves*: cf. *Paradise Lost*, X. 289–91, and Pliny, *Historie of the World*, trans. Philemon Holland, 1635, p. 86 (Bk. IV, ch. xvi.).
132. *Lilybean Shoar:* the coast of Sicily, near Messina.

BLEINHEIM

6. *Thy Ear, O* HARLEY: *Bleinheim* was dedicated to Robert Harley (1661–1724), first Earl of Oxford, who from May 1704 until April 1705 combined the offices of Speaker and Secretary of State. "By the year 1701 he was well known as a bibliophile and patron of authors. 'I have been in Oxford,' wrote Dr.

[1] These I was able to examine owing to the kindness of the Rev. H. E. Salter.

George Hickes[1] to him, ' where all learned men have a particular esteem and veneration for you,' and it was even regarded as an honour to be allowed to dedicate erudite works to him." (E. S. Roscoe: *Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford*, Methuen, 1903, p. 211.) *Vide* Introduction, p. xxi.

13. *the* Gallic *Monarch:* Louis XIV, who by this time had acquired the greater part of the Spanish Netherlands, the three bishoprics of Verdun, Toul and Metz, Franche Comté and Alsace.

16. Sesostris: Rameses II.

21. WILLIAM*'s Arm:* William III.

24. *like an Oak:* cf. *Georgics*, II. 291 et sqq., *Æneid*, IV. 441 et sqq.

29. *The* Europæan *Thrones combin'd:* the Grand Alliance of England, Holland, the Emperor, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Hanover, the Elector Palatine, and the Duke of Savoy.

33. *CHURCHILL:* John Churchill (1650–1722), first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702–11 Captain-General of the forces.

35, 6. *and gladly change Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air:* cf. *Georgics*, II. 511, 2.

44. Henry's *Arms:* apparently a reference to Henry V's triumphs in Northern France.

46. GODOLPHIN: Sidney Godolphin (1645–1712), first Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer from 1702–10, and Marlborough's confidential ally at home.

48. Burleigh: Elizabeth's chief minister. Anne adopted Elizabeth's motto, *semper eadem.*

57, 8. *their drooping Cheer New animated rouse:* the situation was critical, and only Marlborough's victory prevented the occupation of Vienna by Louis XIV.

65. EUGENE: Prince Eugène of Savoy (1663–1736), the Imperialist general, had abandoned Stolhofen in his pursuit of Tallard, and was joined by Marlborough near Danauwörth on 11 August, 1704. He was in command of the right wing at Blenheim. Marlborough wrote of him after the battle: " Had the success of Prince Eugène been equal to his merit, we should in that day's action have made an end of the war." (To the Duchess, 14 August, 1704. *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*, ed. Coxe, 1820, II, p. 8.)

68. *His deadly Hand shook the* Turchestan *Throne:* Eugène had been victorious over Mustafa II at Zenta in 1697.

74. *When Thee Sh' enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among:* the Order

[1] 1642–1715, Nonjuror, a learned divine, and author of the great *Linguarum veterum septentrionalem Thesaurus* (E. S. R.)

of the Garter, founded by Edward III, had as its patron saint St. George. Hence the reference at l. 76. Marlborough was nominated Knight of the Garter three days after Anne's accession.

110. Tallard: Camille d'Hostun (1652–1728), Duke of Tallard, succeeded Villars in 1704 as commander of the French army charged with the duty of advancing against Austria. He was at the head of the right wing at Blenheim. He was taken prisoner by Marlborough and brought to England, where he lived at Nottingham until his release in 1711.

117. Britanny: Britain, a not uncommon usage.

118. *came, with stretch't Retinue girt:* Tallard was sent to London in April 1698 to make overtures to William III. Addison's treatment of Tallard is kindlier; *v. The Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison*, ed. Guthkelch, I, 1914, pp. 166, 7.

130. *this bloody Day:* 13 August, 1704 (N.S.).

133. Pharsalian *Plains:* the battle of Pharsalus, A.D. 48.

136. Bavarian *Duke:* Maximilian Emanuel, the Elector of Bavaria, whose army was united to Tallard's.

138. Noric: Bavarian.

164. *Death in various Shapes:* the "plurima mortis imago" of Virgil (*Æneid*, II. 369).

172. *As when two adverse Winds:* cf. *Æneid*, II. 416 et sqq.

180 et sqq. *His slaught'ring Arm;* Macaulay, commenting upon the "detestable fashion" of the servile imitation of Homer, says: "... So estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of The Splendid Shilling, represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence." ("Life and Writings of Addison," *Critical and Historical Essays*, Longmans, 1860, III, pp. 460, 1; *v.* also the reference to *Cyder* in "The Earl of Chatham," *ibid.* p. 569.)

208. *So* Ajax *interpos'd His Sevenfold Shield:* cf. *Iliad*, XI. 482, κ.τ.λ.

232. *Bands numerous as the* Memphian *Soldiery:* cf. *Paradise Lost*, I. 306, 7. The palace of the Pharaohs was at Memphis.

233. *the* Erythræan *Wave:* "I see it usual in antiquity to have names among strangers in their tongue just significant with the same in the language of the country to which they are applied; as the Red Sea is (in *Strabo, Curtius, Stephen*, others) named from a King of that coast called *Erythræus* ... which was surely the same with *Esau*, called in Holy Writ *Ædom;* both signifying (the one in Greek, the other in Hebrew) *red.*"

(Michael Drayton: Illustrations to the First Song of *Poly-olbion*. *Works*, ed. Hooper, 1876, I, p. 33.)

253. Paraba, Brasilian *Stream:* the river Parana, which forms the western boundary line of Brazil. It would seem that Philips had heard some travellers' tales of the crocodile in those parts.

265, 6. *as once* Pergamean Xanthus *boil'd:* cf. *Iliad*, XXI. 328, κ.τ.λ.

282, 3. *The* British *Souls . . . that ceas'd to breathe:* Philips may have owed this conception to *The Campaign*. As Marlborough reaches the Moselle, Addison depicts the spirits of those killed in battle:

> The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
> That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
> Hope'd, when they saw *Britannia*'s arms appear,
> The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

(*The Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison*, ed. Guthkelch, I, 1914, p. 159.)

284. Landen-*Plains:* in attempting to save Namur William III had been defeated by the Duke of Luxemburg at Neerwinden, or Landen, in the War of the League of Augsburg in 1693.

293. *Two Lovely Youths:* the Duke of Gloucester and the Marquess of Blandford.

295, 6. *One to Empire Born, Egregious Prince:* William, Duke of Gloucester, who had died on 30 July, 1700. Mr. Herbert Paul writes of the Queen: "It was her son's death in the year 1700 that made Anne entirely dependent upon Sarah. After that she took to signing herself 'your unfortunate Morley,' and it was indeed the crowning tragedy of the poor lady's sad life. Only six of her seventeen children lived long enough to be called by their names. The little boy whom William made Duke of Gloucester was the single one that attained any development of mind or character." (*Queen Anne*, 1912, pp. 249, 50.) He was eleven years old when he died. Marlborough had been governor to him since 1698.

298. *Thou, His Associate Dear:* John, Marquess of Blandford, Marlborough's only surviving son, who died at King's College, Cambridge, on 20 February, 1702/3, at the age of seventeen. The Marquess was to have been Master of the Horse to the Duke of Gloucester, but after the prince's death he was sent to Cambridge.

322. Prussia*'s King:* Frederick I. "The King of Prussia did me

all the honour he could; and indeed I have met with more kindness and respect everywhere than I could have imagined" (Marlborough to the Duchess, 2 December, 1704. *Memoirs*, Coxe, II, p. 63).

324–6. *With better Fate, Than to the* Trojan *Chief* Evander *gave Unhappy* Pallas: *v. Æneid*, VIII. 572–84; X. 439 et sqq.

328. Leopold: The Emperor Leopold I whose younger son, the Archduke Charles, was the Austrian claimant to the Spanish throne.

331. *Haughty King:* Louis XIV.

335. *Great* Boileau: English writers were early familiar with the work of Boileau (1636–1711). *Le Lutrin* may have interested the author of *The Splendid Shilling*; *Ode sur la prise de Namur* (1693) is the cause of the reference here. Prior's *A Letter to Monsieur Boileau Depreaux* [*sic*]*; Occasion'd by the Victory at Blenheim*, was published in 1704. Edmund Smith tells us that Philips did not understand French, but *Le Lutrin* was translated in 1682, and many of his friends were doubtless capable of supplying an English version of the *Ode*.

341. *the* Boian *Prince:* Maximilian Emanuel, the Elector of Bavaria, who married Leopold's daughter by his first wife. In his anger at his wife's claim to the Spanish throne being passed over, he joined the French. After Blenheim his dominions were temporarily partitioned between Austria and the Elector Palatine, and only restored to him at the peace of Baden in 1714.

342 et sqq. *torn from the dear Embrace Of weeping Consort:* Marlborough wrote to the Duchess on 21 August, 1704: "The poor electress has taken five of her children with her, and is following her husband . . ."; but he adds on 25 August: "The elector of Bavaria has sent his wife and children back to Munich. . . . It has made my heart ache, being very sensible how cruel it is to be separated from what one loves." (*Memoirs*, Coxe, II, pp. 13, 14.)

351. *The* Solymæan *Sultan:* In 1687 Maximilian Emanuel led the Imperial armies against Solyman and defeated them at Harkány, near Mohács.

353. *the* Gaul: the Elector of Bavaria was one of the members of the League of Augsburg formed in 1686 in opposition to Louis XIV.

362. *the* Noric *Plains: v.* note to l. 138, *supra*.

388. Iberian: Spanish.

391. Lusitanian: Portuguese. In 1704 the Archduke Charles landed at Lisbon with a force of 1,200 English and Dutch

troops under Schomberg for the purpose of invading Spain. Portugal had joined the Grand Alliance in the previous year.

393. *their Prince*, Gallic, *or* Austrian: Philip, the son of Louis the Dauphin, was the French candidate; the Archduke Charles, the son of the Emperor Leopold I by his second wife, the Austrian candidate for the throne of Spain.

398. *the mild* Latian *Shore:* Austria began the War of the Spanish Succession in Italy in 1701. Eugène violated Venetian territory, and, to the dismay of the French, introduced the Imperial forces over the Eastern Alps and appeared between Peschiera and Brescia in the rear of the enemy.

400. *Faulchion:* sword.

402. Taburnus: a small mountain-chain south of Candium. Cf. *Georgics*, II. 37, 8.

406. *The early Valiant* Swede: Charles XII of Sweden, in 1700, warred on the Danes and then attacked the Russian army on the Gulf of Finland, besieging Narva, and passing on to Poland.

410, 11. *How is* Poland *vext With Civil Broils:* Charles XII had in 1704 imposed Stanislas Leczinski upon the Poles as king in place of Augustus the Strong of Saxony, who had been elected to the Polish crown on the death of John Sobieski in 1697.

426, 7. *Thou giv'st in Charge to* Rook: Sir George Rooke (1650–1709), appointed Admiral of the grand fleet in 1703. His capture of Gibraltar took place on 3 August, 1704.

440. Calpe, *by* Alcides *fixt:* one of the pillars of Hercules; the other was mount Abyla, on the African coast.

470, 1. Mauritania, *or the* Bactrian *Coasts, or* Tartary: Africa or southern Spain or Russia.

474. *Hail* Saturnian *Days:* "salve . . . Saturnia tellus" (*Georgics*, II. 173).

483, 4. *delicious Rural Seat Of* Saint John, English Memmius: the country seat of St. John at Newbury came to him through his wife; *v.* notes to the *Ode to Henry St. John*, l. 47, *infra.* To Memmius Lucretius dedicated his *De Rerum Naturâ.*

CEREALIA

18. *Rug:* a rough woollen material.

23. *Ensanguin'd* Ister: the Danube, in which many of the defeated were drowned at Blenheim.

24. *Boian:* Bavarian; *v.* note to *Blenheim*, l. 341, *supra.*

29. Gerfaulcon: a large falcon, usually of the North.

30. *the Steerage of his Wings:* the "remigio alarum" of Virgil (*Æneid*, I. 301).

32. Sabrina *:* the Severn ; cf. *The Fœrie Queene*, II. x. 19 ; *Poly-olbion*, the Seventh Song, ll. 33 et sqq. ; *Comus*, ll. 859 et sqq.
34. Uriconium : Wroxeter.
39. *Impresses quaint :* cf. *Paradise Lost*, IX. 35. "Impress," the emblem on a shield.
41. Mulciber *:* Vulcan ; cf. *Paradise Lost*, I. 738–51.
52. *immortal Moust : v.* note to *Cyder*, Bk. I, l. 55, *infra.*
63, 4. Philips evidently knew the story of Proserpine in the *Metamorphoses*, *v.* Bk. V, 409 et sqq. ; cf. *Paradise Lost*, IV. 268–72.
74. Crithe *:* κριθή, a kind of beer made of barley.
79. Noric *or* Iberian *:* Bavarian or Spanish, alluding to campaigns in the War of the Spanish Succession.
83 et sqq. *as a Snake :* cf. *Æneid*, II. 471 et sqq.
110. *Prolific* Dovus *laves, or* Trenta's *Urn :* cf. *Poly-olbion*, the Six-and-twentieth Song, ll. 164 et sqq. :

> But Muse return at last, attend the princely *Trent*,
> Who straining on in state, the North's imperious Flood,
> The third of *England* call'd, with many a dainty wood,
> Being crown'd to *Burton* comes, to *Needwood* where she shows
> Herself in all her pomp ; and as from thence she flows,
> She takes into her train rich *Dove*, and *Darwin* clear. . . .
> (*Works*, ed. Hooper, 1876, pp. 160, 1.)

112. *vegetable Gold :* cf. *Paradise Lost*, IV. 220.
130. *vast Circumference of Board, Of* Arthur's *imitative :* the table, not the surloin, resembles Arthur's.
133. *The Meads of* Longovicum : I can only conjecture that Philips invented this name for Longtown, in Herefordshire.
137. Panchæan *Hill :* cf. *Georgics*, II. 139, "totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis harenis." Panchæa, a rich island near Arabia, almost the Eldorado of the ancient world, described by the Sicilian Euhemerus (4th century B.C.).
143. Barbaric *Gold :* cf. "barbaric pearl and gold" (*Paradise Lost*, II. 4).
147. *Defence of Triple Brass :* cf. "robur et æs triplex" (Horace, *Odes*, I. iii. 9).
149 et sqq. BACON'S *Charms :* for these traditions concerning Roger Bacon *v.* Greene's *The Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, especially Act IV, Sc. iii, ll. 1541 et sqq.
150. *Mew'd :* hid.
154. *Great* Pharamond : the supposed first Merovingian King.
169. Cestrian : of Chester, or Cheshire.

172. Nestor's *pond'rous Cup : v. Iliad*, XI. 632, κ.τ.λ.
185. Gonfalon *:* ensign.
191. *Bowsie :* tipsy (boosy).
194. SOPH *:* sophister, an undergraduate in the year before his becoming a Bachelor.
197. *Coadjutant :* co-operating.
198. Euroclydon : εὐροκλύδων, the wind of Acts xxvii. 14.
203. *Skinker :* tapster.
205. Phrygian *Mood :* one of the ancient Greek modes of warlike character.

ODE TO HENRY ST. JOHN

7. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. i. 19.
10. *Prome reconditum :* cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. xxviii. 2.
11. *Pimplæa :* cf. Horace, *Odes*, I. xxvi. 9 : "Pimplei dulcis" (MSS. reading Pimplæa). Pimplæa, a town and fountain in Pieria ; πιμπλήιδες, the Muses.
14. *Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera :* cf. Horace, *Odes*, II. xx. 2.
47. *Francisca :* Frances, first daughter of Sir Henry Winchcombe, Bart., of Bucklebury, Berkshire, whom St. John had married 22 May, 1701. She died on 24 October, 1718, aged thirty-eight. She was a "great favourite" of Swift's, who alludes to her in *The Journal to Stella* on 10 April, 1711 : "I writ this evening to the Archbishop of Dublin . . . ; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the Secretary in her absence ; said she had none to trust but me ; and the poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes" (*The Journal to Stella*, ed. G. A. Aitken, 1901, p. 189). *Vide* note to *Cyder*, Bk. I. 159, *infra*.
49. *Gratiarum cura decentium :* cf. Horace, *Odes*, I. iv. 6.
50. *Ornat I labellis cui Venus insidet ! :* Johnson proposes the correct reading in his *Prefaces*, but the text, for which he was not responsible, prints "O ! O ! labellis cui Venus insidet !" (Vol. XXI, p. 27).
51. Maria : Mary Meare ; *v.* Introduction, p. xiv.

CYDER: BOOK I

[Where quotation is made from Dunster's edition (1791) of this poem the passages are distinguished by the letter D.]

2. *Orchats :* Philips probably adopted this form of the word from Milton, who derived it from ὄρκατος. "Orchat" is, however, a Herefordshire dialect form.

5. *my Native Soil:* Philips evidently liked to regard himself as a native of Herefordshire; he had a close connection with that county; *v.* Introduction, pp. xi, xiv.

7. *Ye* Ariconian *Knights:* The site of Ariconium has now been identified near the village of Weston-under-Penyard, three miles from Ross, in the Wye Valley. Ariconium seems to have been the centre of a thriving iron-smelting industry which reached its height during the first half of the fourth century A.D. Coins and fragments of pottery which have been recently discovered prove that its flourishing period was 307–337.

11. *And thou, O* Mostyn: John Mostyn matriculated a year later than Philips in 1698. The signature of Johannes Mostyn is to be seen under the date 29 April, 1702, and that of J. Philips under 30 July of the same year in the admission book to the library at Christ Church. Mostyn's family was renowned for its attachment to the Royalist cause, and Sir Roger Mostyn, the grandfather of Philips's friend, was created a Baronet at the Restoration.

28. Swift is reputed to have had a particular objection to this line as being "not English" (*v. Works*, ed. Scott, 1824, XIII, p. 56 *n.*) Philips has also been accused, in his devotion to Virgil, of giving unsound advice to the planter. Some of the old authorities, however, seem to bear him out and others to contradict him. J. Worlidge in his *Vinetum Britannicum: or, a Treatise of Cider*, 1678,[1] says if the ground "lie to the *East*, it hath not only the advantage of being later budded and blown, because of the cold *Easterly*-winds in the Spring; but the Fruit ripens the better, the Morning-Sun in the Summer being by much the best; and the fruits are also freed from the *Western*-winds, which with the *South* are the worst" (pp. 29, 30). But the statement of *Herefordshire Orchards, A Pattern for England* . . . by I. B. . . . 1657, is that "the ground for an Orchard should rather incline towards the South than towards the North: yet no necessity of nicenesse in that point. They prove well toward the North. . . . Yet the West wind is the best, and the Western Sun best ripening. And the blasts commonly come from the full South, and about Noon: wherefore we pray with the Psalmist, to be delivered from the evil that flieth at Noontide. . . ." (p. 41).

49. *inelegant:* this use of the word, "not of delicate taste or flavour," is now obsolete.

[1] I am indebted to Messrs. William Evans & Co., of Hereford, for the loan of a copy of this book.

54. *cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:* " . . . if the *land* be very dry, jejune and shallow, *that* [i.e. the Red-streak apple, ed.] and other *Cider-fruit* (especially the Gennet-moyle) will suspend the store of fruit alternatively every other year . . . ": *Aphorisms concerning Cider*, by Mr. Beale, p. 24 of *Pomona, or an Appendix concerning Fruit-Trees, in relation to Cyder*, 1664, added to Evelyn's *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest-Trees Published by express Order of the Royal Society. . . .*
cretaceous: chalky.

55. *The Must:* Milton uses this word, Latin *mustum*, new or unfermented wine, in *Paradise Lost*, V. 349:

> for drink the Grape
> She crushes, inoffensive moust. . . .

By cider must is usually meant the refuse of the apples after they have been completely ground and pressed, but the word seems also to connote the fruit, as in the following sentence: "I said that the right *Cider-fruit*, generally called *Musts*, and deserving the *Latine* name *Mustum*, is of divers *kinds* . . ." (*Pomona*, p. 26); cf. *Cerealia*, 52.

60, 61. *But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye*, et sqq.: "Yet, in gross, this I note: That as *Bacchi amant colles*, and a light ground, so our best *Cider* comes from the hot *Rie-Lands* . . ." (*Pomona*, p. 21).

"Also I have frequently noted, that the richest Cider, and the best-tasted apples for the table, do grow in the soyle that is lesse deep and lesse commended for other uses, as in a high ground, or dry land" (*Herefordshire Orchards*, 1657, p. 11).

"But if you have the liberty to chuse what Land you will for planting of Fruit-trees, then for the *Cider-Fruit* chuse a good warm light Rye-land: for the heavier, colder and moister Wheat-land is not so good, the *Cider* being not so clear nor Vinous" (*Vinetum Britannicum*, 1678, p. 31).

67. *Such is the* Kentchurch, *such* Dantzeyan *Ground:* "Talem dives arat Capua," et sqq. (*Georgics*, II. 224).

Kentchurch: The family of Scudamore of Kentchurch had in Philips's time long possessed the greater part of the property of that parish. John, first Viscount Scudamore (1601–71), paid much attention to grafting and to the planting of orchards, and it is after him that the red-streak apple is called "Scudamore's crab." From the literary point of view, it is more interesting to notice that it was he who introduced Milton to Grotius in May 1638. Scudamore was a devoted Laudian

and Royalist. The third Viscount, James, was Philips's contemporary at Oxford. Of the first Viscount it is written in *Pomona* that " by the noble example of my Lord *Scudamor*, and of some other publickspirited *Gentlemen* in these parts, *Hereford-shire* is become, in a manner, but one intire *Orchard* . . . " (p. 2).

Dantzeyan Ground: The family of Dansey or D'Andsey owned Brinsop Court, near Hereford. When *Cyder* was written Brinsop belonged to William Dansey (*b.* 1675) who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russell of Strensham, Worcestershire.

68. *Such thine, O learned* Brome: *v.* Introduction, pp. xiii, xiv. William Brome of Ewithington, Herefordshire, was a member of Christ Church, Oxford, who matriculated in 1683/4. His correspondence with Thomas Rawlins of Pophills, Warwickshire, and with Dr. Richard Rawlinson is extant in the Bodleian Library. Brome was related to Philips by marriage, as his wife was Anne, the daughter of John Philips of World's End in the parish of Toddington, uncle of the poet. To Brome Philips wrote the humorous dedication to *The Splendid Shilling* which is to be found in Appendix I.

Capel: The parishes of King's Capel and How Capel were famous for their cider. " For as no Culture or Graffe will exalt the *French Wines* to compare with the *Wines* of *Greece*, *Canaries*, and *Montefiasco*; so neither will the *Cider* of *Bromyard* and *Ledbury* equal that of *Allensmore*, *Ham-Lacy*, and *Kings-Capell*, in the same small County of *Hereford*" (*Pomona*, p. 21).

69. Willisian Burlton: the estate of Burlton, in the parish of Burghill near Hereford, belonged to Browne Willis the antiquary, who matriculated at Christ Church, 23 March, 1699/1700, at the age of seventeen, and was thus a contemporary of Philips at Oxford. His grandfather had borne arms for Charles I during the Civil War.

much-lov'd Geers *his* Marsh: The Marsh was the name of an estate and mansion-house in the parish of Bridge Sollers, five miles from Hereford, the property of Timothy Geers, also an Oxonian, who matriculated from Balliol in 1688/9. I have in my possession a large-paper copy of *Cyder* which was presented by the author to Timothy Geers (*v.* note to Bk. II, l. 288, *infra*). The title-page is inscribed " Tim: Geers 1708 Given by ye Author," and beneath the printed words " In Two Books " is written in the same hand " by Mr. John Philips."

70–77. *And* Sutton-*Acres, drench'd with Regal Blood*, et sqq.:

v. Britain. . . . Written first in Latine by William Camden. . . . Translated newly into English by Philemon Holland . . . Londini. . . . 1610, p. 618.

78–88. *I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice of* Marcley-*Hill*, et sqq.:

"Neere unto the place where *Lug* and *Wye* meet together, Eastward, a hill which they call *Marcley hill*, in the yeere of our redemption, 1571 (as though it had wakened upon the sodaine out of a deepe sleepe) roused it selfe up, and for the space of three daies togither mooving and shewing it selfe (as mighty and huge an heape as it was) with roring noise in a fearefull sort, and overturning all things that stood in the way advanced it selfe forward to the wonderous astonishment of the beholders: by that kind of earthquake which as I deeme naturall philosophers call *Brasmatias*" (Camden's *Britannia*, trans. Holland, p. 620). Marcle is famous for its cider.

91–97. *If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot:*

"Where the turf is very shallow, the rough starvy ground (which in this countrey we wrongfully call *Marle*) hinders the tender root of the apple-tree from descending deep enough for due nourishment, and fit shelter. There (as in the ground which we esteem the most barren) the root of the pear-tree, having a more piercing vigour, breaks his way through this course Marle, as it will also cleave through some veins of rocks and stones; and, under this starvy ground, it finds a more congeniall and richer nourishment. . . ." (*Herefordshire Orchards*, p. 10.)

146. *Septentrional:* northern.

159. *Such Heats prevail'd:* The summer of 1705 was one of unusual heat.

fair Eliza: Elizabeth, the second daughter of Sir Henry Winchcombe of Bucklebury, Berkshire. Henry St. John married her sister Frances, whom Philips compliments in his *Ode* (*v.* note to l. 47 *supra*). Elizabeth died, unmarried, 7 September, 1705, aged twenty-three; Frances, the first daughter, died, without children, in 1718, and the Bucklebury estate passed to the third daughter, Mary, wife of Robert Packer, of Shillingford, Berkshire.

179. *Fam'd* Ariconium: *v.* note to l. 7. Philips probably assumed that the site of Ariconium was at Kenchester, which is now taken to have been the *Magna Castra* of the Romans. There is a tradition that a tract of land called the Archenfield, in the south-east of Herefordshire, between the Wye and the Minnow was governed by kings of its own: hence, in all likelihood, "the Seat of Kings."

220. *Concomitant:* accompaniment.

291. *Verjuice:* the acid juice of sour fruit.

306. Silurian: of the Silures, an ancient British tribe who inhabited the south-eastern part of Wales. The *O.E.D.* quotes no writer earlier than Philips.

317–25. *Sometimes she diverts From solid Counsels*, et sqq.: Philips alludes, of course, to the digressions in the third *Georgic*, ll. 257–63, 349–75, 376–80.

322. Scythian: Scythia, in North-East Russia beyond the Caspian Sea.

323. Riphæan: from the Riphæan Mountains, a range in the most northern part of Scythia.

325. Servis' *harshest Juice:* "The service-tree (*Pyrus sorbus*) is much like the rowan or mountain ash, but the berries are larger. The fruit is too austere to be eaten until it has been blelted like a medlar, and become brown and soft" (*The Trees, Shrubs and Plants of Virgil*, Sargeaunt, 1920, p. 121).

411. *The flagrant* Procyon: cf. Horace, *Carm.* III. xiii. 9, 10.

419, 420. *whilst the warm Limbec draws Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood:* Water distilled from snails was a fashionable medicine.

457. Alcinous' *Groves: v. Odyssey*, VII. 112–32.

461–3. *The* Pippin *burnisht o'er with Gold*, et sqq.:

"The old sorts are the more valuable, and are those which have been long introduced, such as the Stire; Golden-pippin; Hagloe-crab; several varieties of the Harvey; the Brady-apple, Red-streak; Woodcock; Moyle; Gennet-Moyle; red, white, and yellow Musks; Pauson; Fox-whelp; Loan and Old-permains; Dymock-red; Ten-commandments; and others . . ." (*Herefordshire Orchards*, p. 77).

". . . By the making and rightly ordering of *Cider* of the best Eating-Apples; as *Golden-pepins, Kentish-pepins, Pear-mains, &c.*, there may be made a more pleasant *liquor* for the time it will last, than can be produced from those *Apples* which I call *Hard-apples*, that is to say, *Red-strakes, Gennet-moyles, the Broomsbury-crab, &c.*, which are so harsh that a *Hog* will hardly eat them" (*Pomona*, p. 31).

464, 5. *Salopian* Acres flourish with a Growth
Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley:*

"Adam Ottley, Esq., of Pitchford, within a few miles of Shrewsbury, was cotemporary with our Author at Oxford, being then Gentleman Commoner of Baliol College. He was of the same political principles with Philips, and was one of

his particular friends. The family of Ottley is amongst the oldest families in Shropshire, and was originally of Ottley near Ellesmere, but came into possession of the estate at Pitchford, in the year 1742.

"The *Ottley* Apple is not much known in Shropshire at present, but several trees of it are preserved in the garden at Pitchford." [D.]

Ottley matriculated on 27 April, 1702, aged seventeen, and was entered in the same year as a student of Lincoln's Inn.

482. *the fervent Dog:* Sirius.

486. *the* Bosbury: "*Palladius* denieth *Perry* to bear the heat of *Summer;* but there is a *Pear* in *Bosbury*, or thereabouts, which yields the *Liquor* richer the *second* year then the first, and so by my experience very much amended the *third* year . . ." (*Pomona*, p. 23).

493, 4. *Oh! how sweet t' enjoy At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade!:* This line probably provoked the poem attributed to William Thompson, *In the midst of an apple-tree over Mr. Philips's Cider* (*v.* Bell's edition of *Philips' Poems*, 1782, pp. li, lii, and Harrach's *Inaugural-Dissertation*, p. 85).

500. *Syderal Blasts:* syderal = caused by the malign influence of the stars.

503. Scudamore's *skilful Hand: v.* note to l. 67 *supra.*

509. *The noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes:* James Scudamore, the third Viscount (1684–1716), the contemporary at Oxford of Philips and of Anthony Alsop, who dedicated to him in 1698 his *Fabularum Æsopicarum Delectus.* The peerage became extinct at James's death.

513. *pulpous Fruit:* cf. Holland's translation of Pliny, *The Historie of the World*, 1601, p. 561: "The leaves verily that this graine Rice doth beare, be pulpous and fleshie."

522. *nectareous Juice:* This is the first use of "nectareous" recorded in the *O.E.D.*

583–5. *Or the Fleece* Bætic, *or finest* Tarentine, *compare With* Lemster's *silken Wool?:* The province of Bætica in Southern Spain was distinguished for its excellent wool. Tarentum, a town of Lower Italy, was founded by the Spartan Parthenians.

593. Brydges' *wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight:* Philips evidently intended to celebrate Sir John Chandos (*d.* 1428), of the Herefordshire branch of the Chandos family. He was the grandson of Roger de Chandos, who was summoned to Parliament from 1333 to 1353 as Baron Chandos, and son of Sir Thomas Chandos. He died 16 December, 1428, without issue. Alice, the daughter of this Sir John's sister, Elizabeth Berkeley,

m. Giles Brugges or Brydges, the ancestor of the Brydges family, successively lords and dukes of Chandos.

The Sir John Chandos who was actually one of the founders of the order of the Garter (*c.* 1349) and one of the original knights, was a member of the Derbyshire family. He was associated with the siege of Cambrai and the battles of Crecy and Poitiers. At Poitiers he saved the life of the Black Prince. He died 31 December, 1369, of his wounds and was buried at Mortemer.

597–607. *O thrice happy Peer!* et sqq.: James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos (1673–1744), was the eldest son of James, eighth lord Chandos. He was M.P. for Hereford from 1698 until 1714, when he was created Marquess of Carnarvon and Duke of Chandos. When Pope's *Epistle to Lord Burlington* appeared in 1731 Timon was identified with the Duke of Chandos, who had built a house at Canons, near Edgware.

608–10. *Thee also, Glorious Branch of* Cecil's *Line,* et sqq.: Alterennis, the seat of the Cecils in Ewyas Lacy. James, the fifth Earl of Salisbury, was Philips's contemporary at Christ Church, whence he matriculated 8 June, 1705, aged fourteen. He died in 1728. Edmund Smith mentions him and his wife in his poem on the death of Philips (p. 13).

612, 3. *the Muse's fairest Seat, Where* Aldrich *reigns: v.* Introduction, pp. xv, xvi. Henry Aldrich (1647–1710) was installed Dean of Christ Church 17 June, 1689, and held the office until his death on 14 December, 1710.

623. Hanmer, *and* Bromley: both were Christ Church men. Sir Thomas Hanmer (1677–1746), fourth baronet, and leader of the Hanoverian Tories, succeeded William Bromley (1664–1732) as Speaker in 1714. Hanmer was at the time when *Cyder* was written Tory M.P. for Thetford. His edition of Shakespeare (1743–4) provoked Pope's reference to him in *The Dunciad.* William Bromley was in 1708 M.P. for Oxford University, a seat which he held from 1702–32. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III; this fact, and his connection with Christ Church, would account for Philips's interest. He became Speaker in 1710 and was Secretary of State from 1713–4.

623, 4. *Thou, to whom with due Respect* Wintonia *bows:* As *Cyder* was announced on 28 January, 1707/8, and the new Bishop of Winchester was appointed in 1707, it cannot be quite certain whether Philips is celebrating the new or the old Bishop, though it seems unlikely that, if he had originally alluded to Peter Mews, he would not have altered the passage

and taken the opportunity of rejoicing at the appointment of Sir Jonathan Trelawney (1650–1721), a distinguished son of the "House," and an intense loyalist, who, however, refused to read James II's second Declaration of Indulgence, and was, when Bishop of Bristol, one of the seven Bishops to petition the King against it.

627. *Proficuous:* profitable, advantageous. The *O.E.D.* gives two instances before *Cyder*.

632. *Muse, raise thy Voice to* Beaufort's *spotless Fame:* Henry Somerset (1684–1714), second Duke of Beaufort. He was created D.C.L. from St. John's College, 26 April, 1706.

641, 2. *Who can refuse a Tributary Verse To* Weymouth: Sir Thomas Thynne (1640–1714), first Viscount Weymouth.

664. *Acknowledge thy Own* Harley: Robert Harley (1661–1724), first Earl of Oxford, "first drew vital Breath" in Bow Street, Covent Garden, but Brampton Bryan castle in Herefordshire was Harley's seat, and he was buried there. For Philips's connection with St. John and Harley *v.* Introduction, pp. xxii, xxiii.

687. *equal Love: v. The Splendid Shilling*, l. 10 and note.

715, 6. *the highly Honour'd Name Of* Trevor: Thomas Trevor, Baron Trevor of Bromham (1658–1730), the second son of Sir John Trevor by Ruth, a daughter of John Hampden. He was educated, as were Robert Harley and Simon Harcourt, at Birch's school, Shilton, Oxfordshire. He matriculated from Christ Church 7 July, 1673. He was the first Lord Chief Justice to be raised to the peerage during the tenure of his office, but he was one of the twelve peers created to overpower the resistance of the House of Lords to the Peace of Utrecht. Edmund Smith celebrates Trevor's devotion to Philips; *v. A Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips*, p. 2.

726, 7. *This traiterous Wretch Betrays his Sov'ran*, et sqq.: If we did not know from Hearne that Philips was a rigid Non-juror we should conclude so from this passage, which declares his political principles.

CYDER: BOOK II

1. Harcourt: Simon Harcourt (1684–1720), second son of the first Viscount, matriculated from Christ Church 3 November, 1702. Here he was Philips's contemporary. He was M.P. for Wallingford and Abingdon. He died at Paris in June 1720, aged thirty-five, and was buried at Stanton Harcourt. Pope

wrote his epitaph. His son, Simon, succeeded to the family title and estates upon the death of the first Viscount in 1727.

17, 18. *let Thy Father's Worth excite Thirst of Preeminence :* Simon Harcourt (1661 ?–1727), the first Viscount, father of Philips's college friend, was at this time Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Chancellor. It was he who had the monument to Philips erected in Westminster Abbey. He was a friend of Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift.

35. *Fruit'ry :* a crop of fruit.

53. *Sky-dy'd :* The *O.E.D.* quotes only Pope's *Odyssey*, XI. 727.

84. *Sallow :* the wood of the sallow, or willow-tree.

139. *Humor :* vapour, moisture.

191. *Gems :* buds.

201. Corinths : currants.

203. *the fair* Thisbeian *Fruit :* the mulberry.

232. Mum : a kind of beer originally brewed in Brunswick, largely imported into England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

234. Phosphorus : the Greek name for the planet Venus.

238–50. For the rough draft of these lines *v.* Appendix III to the present edition.

252. Taprobane : Ceylon.

274, et sqq. Cf. *The Splendid Shilling*, ll. 129–43.

288. In the copy of *Cyder* given by the author to Timothy Geers there is a line of MS. inserted between this and the following line which reads, " Stomatick Musk y^e^ hearty underleaf." It and the inscription on the title-page are presumably in Geers' hand ; *v.* note to Bk. I, l. 69, *supra.*

311. *Cades :* cask, or barrel.

322. *defecated :* purified.

336. *fusil :* flowing by force of heat ; cf. *Paradise Lost*, XI. 573.

337. *sunny-red :* the only example of the word quoted in the *O.E.D.*

351. Stirom, *firmest Fruit :* Cider made of the Stire apple is the strongest cider that is made, and will keep for a number of years.

395. *Goal :* " goal " and " gaol " were alternative spellings up to the time when *Cyder* was published.

398. *Regalement :* the first use recorded in the *O.E.D.*

439. " The constellation Corona Gnossia, rises, according to Pliny and Columella, towards the middle of October ; and, therefore, brings on the *Autumn*, or season of fruit-gathering " (D.). According to the myth, Bacchus translated the crown

given by Venus to Ariadne to heaven, and made of it a new constellation.

468. *Luxt:* the first instance of this word recorded in the *O.E.D.*

491. Eris: Contention, personified as a goddess.

494, 5. *How* Bertie *fell,* Compton, *and* Granvill, *dauntless Sons of* Mars: Robert Bertie (1572–1642), first Earl of Lindsey, raised the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham for the King, and lost his life at the battle of Edgehill, 23 October, 1642.

Spencer Compton (1601–43), second Earl of Northampton, having supported Charles I against the Scots and the Parliament, was commissioned in 1642 to raise Warwickshire for the King. He fought in several actions and was killed at Hopton Heath in 1643.

Sir Bevil Granville (1596–1643) served against the Scots in the Civil War, defeated the parliamentarians at Bradock Down in 1643, and was killed at Lansdowne (*D.N.B.*).

514. *v.* note to *Bleinheim,* ll. 180 et sqq., *supra.*

552. *Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs:* Eadgar became King of a united England in October 959.

553, 4. Cf. *Bleinheim,* l 490.

583. *Fierce* Brutus *Off-spring:* the Welsh. "The *Duan Albanach,* an historic poem concerning . . . Scotland which is supposed to have been written in Ireland and to represent the ideas of a still earlier time . . . begins with the Trojan story, and represents Albanus and Brutus, treated as eponymi of Alba and the territory of the Brittones respectively, taking possession of Britain" (Rhys and Brynmor-Jones, *The Welsh People,* 1913, p. 115).

593. *golden* Iris: the fleur-de-lis, in allusion to Edward III's quartering the arms of France.

612. *Ejulation:* lamentation.

621. Cadwallador: "In the Histories of Wales we are told that 'Cadwallador, the last King of the Britons, descended from the noble race of the Trojans who first peopled this island, being driven by a famine to forsake his realms, sojourned with Alan, King of Little Britain, or Brittany, in France. During his absence, the Saxons, Angles and Jutes arrived in Britain, and, finding it uninhabited, took possession of it. Cadwallador, hearing of this, prepared to recover his kingdom by force of arms; but, as he was getting ready a fleet for that purpose, he was commanded by an angel, in a vision, to desist, for that it was God's will the Britons should not reign any more in the island until the time came that Merlin had foretold to Arthur; but, at that time, the Britons should, by the merit of their

faith, recover the sovereignty of the island.' " (D.) Henry VII's accession was held to be the fulfilment of the prophecy. Cf. Drayton's *Poly-olbion*, the Fifth Song, ll. 45 et sqq.

640. LET THERE BE *UNION:* The Act of Union was passed on 28 February, 1706/7 (N.S.).

643. Dubris: Dover.

644. Orcades: the Orkney islands.

652. *utmost* Thule: cf. *Georgics*, I. 30.

657. *Pearl, and Barbaric Gold:* so Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 4; cf. *Cerealia*, l. 143.

APPENDIX I

PHILIPS'S DEDICATION OF HIS *SPLENDID SHILLING*

"WHEN Jack presented me with his Splendid Shilling," wrote William Brome to Rawlinson on 26 February, 1730/1, "I bestow'd on him a pound of Tobacco, whereupon he sent me a dedication MS" (MS. Rawlinson Letters, XXXI, f. 19). A request to see this dedication evidently came from Rawlinson, for on 3 April Brome explained that: "Jacks Dedication of the Splendid Shil is in MS & a great banter upon me, & not fit to be seen: however if you command so, it shall be sent." Sent it certainly was, and it appears that (f. 20) Rawlinson transcribed it, for the version here reproduced is in his handwriting. It occupies part of two gatherings in the thirty-first volume of the Rawlinson letters in the Bodleian (ff. 142, 143)—the last two leaves of the first gathering of four, and the first leaf of the second gathering of two. The remaining leaves are occupied by transcriptions of miscellaneous verses by Rawlinson.

PHILIPS'S DEDICATION OF HIS SPLENDID SHILLING

To Wm. Brome of Ewithington in
the County of Hereford Gent

S^r^ It would be too tædious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of dedications. The use of them is [is] certainly antient as appears both from Greek and Latin authors, and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time Mottos, anagrams, and Frontis-

pieces being introduced, dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restord, and by whom they were first ushered in is a work that far transcends my knowledge, a work that can justly be expected from no pen but that of the operose d[r] B [1]. Let us therefore at present accquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present time's a sufficient plea for your patronizing and my dedicating this poem, especially since in this age they are not only fashionable, but almost necessary. And indeed they are so much now in vogue that a book without one is as seldom seen as a Bawdy House without a practice of Piety or a poet with money. Upon this account, S[r] those, that have no friends dedicate to all good Christians, some to their Booksellers, some for want of a sublunary patron to the manes of a departed one. There are that have dedicated to their whores, God help those Henpeckt writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives. But whilst I talk so much of other mens patrons I have forgot my own, and seem rather to make an Essay on dedications, than to write one. However S[r] I presume youll pardon me for that fault, and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, S[r], are a person more tender of other mens reputations then your own, and would hear every body commended but your self. Should I but mention your skill in Turning, and the compassion you shewed to my Fingers ends, when you gave me a Tobacco Stopper,[2] you

[1] Presumably Dr. Bentley.

[2] William Brome subsequently gave this tobacco-stopper to his friend, Thomas Rawlins, to whom he wrote on 5 December, 1735: "... And being you are a Smoker I have herewith sent you a Tobacco-Stopper; it was formerly the Goods of the famous *Jack Philips* & give me since his Death, & is I think a pretty piece of miniature-statuary; & worth I hope your acceptance. You may hereby perceive how I endeavour to testifye my respects by Triffles" (MS. Ballard 19, Letter 25, in the Bodleian). Rawlins

would blush and be confounded with your just praises, how much more would you, should I tell what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language the Saxon. Since therefore the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesom[e] I shall offend your modesty no longer, give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem and I have done. This Poem, S[r] if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject the variety of images, the exactness of the similtude[s] that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalld by the moderns or antients. The subject of the poem is my self, a subject never yet handled by any poet, but how fit to be handle[d] by all we may learn from those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Rag, yet since I am the subject and the Poet too I shall say no more of it least I should seem vain glorious, as for the moral I have took a particular care, that it should lye incognito, not like the antients who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses, but here you may look a good while, and perhaps after all find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes that are so full of Geography, that you must get a Welsh Map to understand them that to[1] raise our Ideas of the thing they are applyd to ? that are so extraordinary quaint and well chosen, that theres nothing like them ? so that I [I] think without vanity I may say—*avia Pieridum perago loca &c.* Yet however excellent this Poem is, in the reading of it youll find a vast difference, between some parts and others which

told George Ballard on 20 December, " Mr. Brome has made me a present of a Tobacco Stopper y[t] was y[e] famous Poet Mr. Jo[n]. Phillips's it is an Ivory miniature statuary piece of work the Toy I suppose made in Holland of a parson holding forth in his Pulpit " (MS. Ballard 41, Letter 58).

[1] Presumably a slip for " so."

proceeds not from your humble servants negligence but diet, this poem was begun when he had little victuals and no moneys, and finished when he had the misfortune at a Vertuous Ladies house to meet with both. But I hope in times, S^r^ when Hunger and Poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this Poem by an Essay on minc'd pyes, which shall be devoted to you with all submission by S^r^.

" Your most obliged and
humble serv^t^
J.P.

NOTE.—So far as I am aware the first appearance of this Dedication in print was in *Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.*, 1776, Vol. I, pp. 188–191. I am indebted to Mr. D. Nichol Smith for drawing my attention to it. The Dedication was printed later in the *The Works of the British Poets, ed.* Thomas Park, 1808, Vol. VI, and in other places.—Ed.

APPENDIX II

TRANSLATIONS OF THE ODE, AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN

I. From the *Works* of 1714

The Foregoing ODE Imitated in English

KIND Friend, with whom I Sip, and Smoke,
The Finest *Tea*, and Best *Virginia*,
Nor part until my Dose I've took
Of *Hermitage*, or *Mont' Alcinoe*.

What shall an empty Poet do,
To pay the mighty Debt he owes you ?
I'll tap my Muse, and if but low
She runs, I'll tilt her too to please you.

Old *Horace*, with a willing Mind,
Assisting Muse, and Wind, and Weather,
All but uncommon Flights disdain'd,
And dip'd his fancy'd wings in *Æther*.

To joy his Patron's luscious Hours,
He sung of Wenching, and its fuel ;
How helpful *Venus* in Amours,
And her ungracious Rogue, how cruel,

And yet the Bard with richer wine
His jolly whistle never whetted,
That from some empty'd Flasks of thine
I still am plentifully treated.

Nor did his *Tuscan* Knight e'er bear
To all the Arts a Friendship truer,
Nor was more bountiful or dear
To him, than to your ODIST you are.

O thou Top-Wit of all the Town,
The Court, and eke the House of Commons,
Whom all the Muses hang upon,
As thou'rt a constant Hanger-on 'em.

How do's my Marrow melt away,
And every lazy Vein beat quicker,
While gratefully in Memory
I bear thy Friendship, and thy Liquor.

But, O! my Spirits are too weak
To make the great Returns intended;
I cough, as if my Heart would break,
And wheeze like one that's broken-winded.

My fatal Hour is plainly come,
For want of like refreshing Doses,
Which only you can save me from,
And heap new Favours on the *Muses*.

'Tis done, and now I live again,
And feel returning Spirits moving:
Ever may you and Spouse remain
In Health, and she be ever loving.

Renew your Vigour spent in Care,
With the soft Balm of her Caresses,
In all the Home Affairs of War,
And what's of greatest weight, her Grace's.

Fanny, the Pride of Marriage Sheets,
Beyond Compare whose Hair and Neck are,
Whose Lips breath everlasting Sweets,
And every Grace assist to deck her.

In such a Lot, how happy thou!
While, wretch, for *Molly* I am wasting;
Whose starry Eyes have shot me through,
And harder Heart still keeps me fasting.

No other Girl will now go down,
The Tyrant's sent all else a packing;
My Heart is hers, and hers alone,
And yet within an Ace of breaking.

Hopeless, and restless, Night and Day,
I mourn the Rigour of the Gipsy;
Nor can your wine, and Pipes, for me
Procure a Nap, tho' ne'er so tipsy.

II. From the *Works* of 1720[1]

AN ODE TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ;

I.

O Thou from *INDIA*'s fruitful Soil,
That dost that soveraign Herb * prepare;
In whose rich Fumes I lose the Toil
Of Life, and every anxious Care:
While from the fragrant lighted Bole,
I suck *new* Life into my Soul:

[1] This translation appeared with an accompanying letter from Thomas Newcomb (1682 ?–1765) dated from Corpus Christi College, Oxon, 23 October, 1719, stating that he had sent the "Ode, as well translated as the piece would bear."

II.

THOU, only THOU ! art kind to view
The parching Flames that I sustain ;
Which with cool Draughts Thy Casks subdue
And wash away the thirsty Pain,
With Wines, whose Strength and Taste we prize,
From *Latian* Suns and nearer Skies.

III.

Oh ! say, to bless thy pious Love,
What Vows, what Offerings shall I bring ?
Since I can spare, and Thou approve
No other Gift, O hear me sing !
In Numbers *Phœbus* does inspire,
That strings for Thee the charming Lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid Sky,
I stretch my Wing, and fain would go
Where *Rome*'s sweet Swan did whilom fly ;
And soaring, left the Clouds below ;
The Muse invoking to indue
With Strength, his Pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he sings great BEAUTY's Praise,
Loves *gentle* Pain, or *tender* Woes ;
Or chuse, the Subject of his Lays,
The blushing Grape, or blooming Rose ;
Or near cool *CYRRHA*'s rocky Springs
MÆCENAS listens while he sings.

* Tobacco.

VI.

Yet HE, no nobler Draught could boast,
His Muse, or Musick to inspire,
Tho' all *FALERNUM*'s purple Coast,
Flow'd in each Glass, to lend Him Fire:
And on his Tables us'd to smile
The Vintage of rich *CHIO*'s Isle.

VII.

MÆCENAS deign'd to hear his Songs,
His Muse extoll'd, his Voice approv'd;
To THEE a fairer Fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my Heart to bound its Flame,
As I record thy Love and Fame.

VIII.

Teach me the Passion to restrain,
As I my grateful Homage bring;
And last in *PHŒBUS*' humble Train
The first and brightest Genius sing.
The Muses Favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the Fame they give.

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
To tell my Love, to speak thy Praise,
Boasting no more its sprightly Fire,
My Bosom heaves, my Voice decays;
With Pain I touch the mournful String
And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint Nature now demands that Breath
That feebly strives thy Worth to sing,
And would be hush'd and lost in Death
Did not thy Care kind Succours bring ;
Thy pitying Cask my Soul sustain,
And call new Life in every Vein.

XI.

The Sober Glass I now behold,
Thy Health, with fair *FRANCISCA*'s joyn,
Wishing her Cheeks may long unfold
Such Beauties, and be ever Thine ;
No Chance the tender Joy remove,
While She can please, and Thou canst love.

XII.

Thus while by You the *British* arms
Triumphs and distant Fame pursue ;
The yielding FAIR resigns her Charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too ;
Her snowy Neck, Her Breast, Her Eyes,
And all the Nymph becomes your Prize.

XIII.

What comely Grace, what Beauty smiles,
Upon her Lips what Sweetness dwells ?
Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
Nor *VENUS* self so much excells ;
What different Fates our Passions share,
While you enjoy, and I despair ?

XIV.

* *MARIA*'s Form as I survey,
Her Smiles a thousand Wounds impart;
Each Feature steals my Soul away,
Each Glance deprives me of my Heart.
And chasing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own Image only, there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious Breast despair,
And sighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet for the lov'd relentless Fair
By Night I wake, by Day I burn.
Nor can thy Gifts soft Sleep supply,
Or sooth my Pains, or close my Eye.

* *Mrs*, Mary Meers, *Daughter to the late Principal of* Brazen-nose.

APPENDIX III

ROUGH DRAFT (POSSIBLY HOLOGRAPH) OF *CYDER*

I HAVE seen two specimens of Philips's handwriting: one is his signature "J. Philips" in the admission register to the Christ Church Library (under the date July 30, 1702), the other is the signature in the University subscription book. There under Vacatione Term: Trin: 1697, Aug. 16, is the entry:

Joannes Philips ex Æde Christi cler: fil:

The marked differences between this small specimen of Philips's calligraphy and that of the draft of *Cyder* contained in MS. Rawl. Poet. 113, f. 40, in the Bodleian, are the "r" and the "d." But in the subscription book there is an attempt at a more italic and formal hand, and these differences do not seem greater than are compatible with such an intention. The specimen in the subscription book is, however, too small for it to be possible to come to a definite conclusion. But see the foot-note on the next page.

If the draft is not holograph, it is a copy of such a draft sent to Rawlinson by William Brome in 1730/1; *v.* Introduction, p. xxv.

Cyder

6 . . . . . first Book
The Proposition 2 . . . . . y^e^ Persons Invokt.
20
Hele, Dormer, Urry, Mostyn . . . . 3 The Soile. red

y^e best to be planted in one place and remov'd into another.
10
4 Qu: if any antipathy between apple Trees and other
20
fruits. Whether planted upon Quince stocks good best
20
on Crabstocks the best places for Apples, Marden, Sutton,
50
Marcly Hill Kenchester[1] walls Episodes. y^e Products of
30 40
other contreyes as Pins and Cakes Cheese, y^e Praise of
Hereford 240

2 Book
40
The Signs of a good Year, whether Hard frosts and
15 25 blasts
Snow fructifie the Ground . . 2 The different sorts
20
of Apples, Redstreak Moyle Mass. of the Normandy
20 30
and Devonshire Apples of making Cyder with wind:
and all sorts 20 10 20
falls, of Perry, of Turnep Cyder, of Planting trees
30
in Corn, of Apples growing in the hedges of Persons
orchards, of Pomona, Ceres, y^e Gardens of y^e——
Hesperides, of Topeing. 280
Finis

T 550

[1] The initial letter looks remarkably like an "H," but I have corrected it. Philips would not have written anything but Kenchester.—Ed.

What need to treat of distant climes remov'd
Far from y^e^ Slopeing journey of y^e^ year. day
Beyond Petsora and y^e^ Islandic Coasts
Where ever during Snows, eternall Shades
of darkness would congeal their livid veins
Did not y^e^ Arctic tract Spontaneous yeild
a Cheering Purple berry big with wine
Extreamly fervent w^ch^ they Hourly crave
Spread round a flaming heap of pines & oft
They interlard their native bowles w^th^ choice
Of Strongest Brandy yet scarce w^th^ all this aid
Enabled to prevent the Sudden rot
of freezing nose and first decaying feet

Autumn drinking y^e^ buds in a morning
1 Antipathy of Plants. 2 Signs of a good year
The times of making cyder 3 Pear trees a good
to houses, Windfalls, racking bottling
Bosbury Pear.

of racking Cyder, of y^e^ time to drink it.

APPENDIX IV

EDMUND SMITH'S BURLESQUE VERSES UPON PHILIPS

WILLIAM BROME writing to Dr. Richard Rawlinson on April 3, 1731, says: "I have sent you Captain Rags Monkish verses on Jack Philips. . . ."[1] His enclosure is to be found amongst Rawlinson's papers in the Bodleian (MS. Rawlinson Poet. 113, f. 44). Beneath the lines in Brome's handwriting Rawlinson has added a note: "These monkish verses were wrote by Mr. Edm. Smith late Student of Christchurch on Mr. John Philips." The allusions in the last three lines of the verses are explained by a further letter of Brome; *v.* Introduction, p. xiv.

ASPICIS Hunc plantis, qui fulcitur Elephantis ;
Quem genuit Bampton, quem mæsta eduxerat Hampton :
Quem Wiccam fovit, sed non Wintonia novit.
Vir vere bellus, cui valde parvus ocellus ;
Cui candelarum ritu fluit ordo comarum ;
Cui chara est Mamma, sed charius est Epigramma ;
Cui non est lodix, nec habet femoralia podex.
Prudens Legatus licet haud ad prœlia natus.
Surripit hic fartum, suadetque resurgere swartum :
Mox vocat ad bellum, mox effugit arte duellum.
Qui dum non jurat saltem sua corpora curat,
Vescitur et bobus dum tondit prata Jacobus
Quem juvat et pætum, facit et cervisia lætum ;
At vinum est summum possit si gignere nummum.
Mane vorat panes, cyathosque relinquit inanes :
Et Toga humum verrit, Albanaque mœnia tenet :
Prandere absque olla gaudens, et scalpere colla :
Trahere sermones et tollere Simmersones

E. S.

[1] MS. Rawlinson Letters 31, f. 20.

TEXTUAL EMENDATIONS

THE following corrections have been made in the text. The sign > stands for "has been emended to":

BLEINHEIM

Line 264, lived > livid.

CEREALIA

l. 52, Stated > Sated: l. 128, Revolvng > Revolving: l. 158, 'tassert > t'assert: l. 172, with > which.

CYDER

Bk. I, l. 378, Fatigv'd > Fatigu'd: l. 750, But as a (Child > But (as a Child: l. 778, Phæbus > Phœbus (so also at Bk. II, l. 551).

Bk. II, l. 583, Feirce > Fierce.

ſ has been modernized throughout, and some stray italic punctuation and letters, and some turned letters have been tacitly corrected.

In Appendix IV the abbreviated form of "que" has been printed in full.

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